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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

VORACIOUS AMERICA

SIR E. MACKAY EDGAR, a 'well-known industrialist and financier,' has recently returned to England from an annual visit to the United States, and favors a correspondent of the London *Telegraph* with his last impression of our country. He believes that Great Britain must develop and keep under British control as many physical assets as possible all over the world, so that America will eventually have to come to her for some of the indispensables of life and industry. We are fated to such dependence as the penalty of our lavishness. We are the 'champion spenders of the world.'

'It is not merely money they — that is, the Americans — are throwing about, but everything — copper, cotton, zinc, lead, oil, timber — you can hardly name one of the big staples of industry that they are not literally devouring. It is an amazing spectacle. There you have 115,000,000 people feverishly tearing from the earth its irreplaceable wealth and using it to maintain a rate of growth utterly without precedent in all human history. It is this terrible consuming power of America that is by all odds the biggest economic fact in the world of to-day. It is terrible because already it is outrunning production. Before long, while the demand will be as voracious as ever, the supply will have run short. Then there will be a smash.

'Just think of this. In 1914 America produced about 65 per cent of the world's output of cotton, oil, copper, lead, and zinc. Her consumption was at that time roughly 35 per cent of the total supplies. To-day, while she is producing relatively the same, her consumption of these commodities amounts to over half of the world's total output. Ten years hence she will be producing relatively less and consuming relatively more. She will be producing about half of the world's output; she will be consuming something like 70 per cent of it. In other words, she will have to import.

'You cannot imagine America importing cotton. Well, it is going to happen. Do you realize that America is this year using in her own mills about 70 per cent of her cotton crop? Before the war she used 20 per cent; now she is using 70 per cent. The time is clearly coming when there will be precious little left over for the rest of the world.

'Now take the non-ferrous metals — copper, lead, and zinc. The demand for them in America itself is going to be colossal. One of the heads of the public-utility industry told me that to meet the growth of population some

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£200,000,000 a year must be spent for the next ten years on tramways and electric light and power services. Think what this means in the way of non-ferrous metals. Then, too, there is the growing demand — it has doubled since 1914 — from Central and South America, and when Europe revives the first things she will clamor for will be copper, lead, and zinc.

'As for oil, America has already reached the importing stage. Five years hence she will be taking in from outside, if she can get it, not far short of a thousand million barrels. That is what she will require to import, if her present rate of consumption continues. It is with oil as with cotton, copper, lead, and zinc — the world is nearing a shortage not far removed from a famine because of the voracity of American demand. But that demand can only diminish at the cost of a serious halt to American prosperity and expansion. If it persists and is unsatisfied, then something graver is to be feared than a halt. There may be a breakdown of the economic order and a vicious, violent outburst of sectionalism.'

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REPLIES TO STINNES

THE speech by Hugo Stinnes, of which a translation was published in the *Living Age* of December 30, proved to be one of the most widely debated pronouncements upon economic policy that has appeared in Germany since the Armistice. Both Socialist and bourgeois Liberal papers, like the *Frankfurter Zeitung* and the *Berliner Tageblatt*, protest against his proposal to lengthen the working day. The former journal says that no one can dispute the urgent need of increasing Germany's production, but that to assume that this can be accomplished by so simple a device as adding two hours to the working day is to misinterpret naïvely the structure of our industrial society. Already manufacturers in many lines are curtailing their hours of work and dismissing employees because there is no demand for their products, or because they lack capital to operate their business profitably. The unemployment in Great Britain and the recent unemployment in the United States and elsewhere suggest that the reason for underprotection is by no means a short labor day.

Berliner Tageblatt points out that the eight-hour day is only one of many causes of declining output, and is not the most important of them. Individual efficiency has declined, partly as the result of employing millions of underqualified workers from the distressed middle classes, and crippled or semi-invalid soldiers. A member of the Reichstag comments that there is close connection between standard of living and will to work. No matter how much we preach economy and the simple life, our modern civilization depends upon steadily advancing our standards of consumption. Whenever the progress of consumption — extravagant if you like — is checked, there is congestion in the channels of production that adding to the hours of work will merely render more acute. A writer in *Plutus* considers the speech 'politically and tactically, indeed even economically, foolish. Its plain sincerity, and the knowledge of human nature revealed in certain passages, have unfortunately caused it to be widely regarded as an important utterance.'

Frankfurter Zeitung prints in its Quarterly Economic Supplement, quite independently of this debate, statistics of the hourly output of factory operatives in the shoe and leather industry for 1914 and 1922. During the interval there has been a change from time wages to piece-work rates. Taking the output of 1914 as 100, the output in 1922 ranges from 105 to 193 in different

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operations. This seems to disprove the claim that German workers are universally producing less per hour than they did before the war.

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THE PROBLEM OF UNEMPLOYMENT

NORMAN ANGELL begins a review, in the Liberal *Daily Herald*, of J. A. Hobson's latest book, *The Economics of Unemployment*, with the following imaginary quotation from a Martian account of Europe and America in 1922:—

> They had learned to make things in abundance, and then perished for want of things of which they had too many. People went in rags because there was too much wool and cotton and too many spinners and tailors to make it into clothes. They suffered, these underfed and underclothed and inadequately housed people, from what they humorously called 'overproduction' of things of which they were in crying need. And they were perpetually resorting to tricks to reduce production, or escape its dangers, by 'protectionist' tariffs, restrictions by trusts and trades unions.

Hobson's theory is that too small a proportion of what the worker produces goes into immediate consumption, and too large a proportion into profits, reinvested in machinery for making more things which cannot be consumed. He compares the present condition of the world to that of a human body diseased because it cannot assimilate its food.

Since more than two thirds of the people of England never save money in their lives, this explanation seems at first blush absurd. But it is the margins of the large incomes that are perpetually reinvested and thereby cause an overproduction of articles that the workers, who form the mass of consumers, are unable to obtain. The author quotes a Government statement in the House of Commons during the war to the effect that

> In spite of the fact that over 5,000,000 men are now in the Army, and consequently have changed over from being producers to being solely consumers, in spite of this, the industrial output is very little less to-day than it was before the war.

Mr. Hobson asks why such conditions cannot continue in times of peace, and concludes that it is not the absolute amount of saving which is too great. If our consumption were greater, we should use more capital than at present. It is the proportion of saving to consumption that is wrong. He therefore proposes two general remedies: first, raising the consuming power of the community so that the effective demand for goods may keep pace with every increase of production that arises from improvements in art and industry; second, a wiser distribution of the products of industry. These remedies overlap. They merely formulate what is occurring in any case under the operation of economic law. We have an illustration of this in the enormous increase of automobiles in the United States. But popular comprehension of the truth, that the ability of the masses who derive their incomes from service to maintain high consumption standards is the basis of economic prosperity, may help to speed up this result.

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A PAN-ISLAMIC CONGRESS

THE Angora Government has organized two bodies for the propaganda of the Islamic faith, the first to investigate, publish, pass upon, and circulate Mohammedan religious writings, and 'spread abroad the realities of Islam,' and the second to study events and to issue statements showing how these events affect the Moham-

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medan world. The Turkish National Assembly has also issued a call for a Pan-Islamic Congress, invitations to which have been sent out to religious leaders in all parts of the Mohammedan world.

This revival of religious propaganda is attributed partly to the influence of Soviet Russia. Many Turkish leaders consider the constitution of that country the most advanced in the world, and, though personally skeptics in religious matters, have a keen appreciation of religious faith as a political force. They propose that Moslems in India, Mesopotamia, Egypt, Tunis, Morocco, and wherever else the followers of the Prophet dwell, shall look to Angora as the centre of the faith.

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'TIM' HEALEY

FATHER HEALEY, a celebrated wit in Gladstone days, was once asked what his namesake, 'Tim' Healey, would be when Ireland had Home Rule. Meditating a moment he replied: 'A very old man.'

The object of his remark will go down to history as the first Governor-General of the Irish Free State. Beginning his life as a railway clerk, he suddenly sprang into the limelight as one of the most dashing Irish leaders in the British Parliament. His impudent attacks upon his British opponents, and his witty sallies, soon made him known all over the world. He was quoted on lonely ranches in Australia, and in the mining camps of Montana. Originally a devoted supporter of Parnell, he joined his old chief's opponents after that leader lost the confidence of the people.

The *Observer* characterizes the new Governor-General as 'not only the most suitable person for the office, but actually the only suitable person in sight.' He has always been a champion of Ireland's rights. He has been the political mentor of many of the men now prominent in Ireland's independent government. He has a rich and varied store of parliamentary experience. Moreover, he has 'the most formidable tongue in Ireland, and though he may have to wear it in a velvet sheath while holding his high office,' the fact that it is there establishes his claim upon the affection of his countrymen.

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'PRODUCTIVE PLEDGES'

A STOCKHOLM daily, *Nya Dagligt Allehanda*, publishes an article under the title 'Why Keep Silence?' pointing out Sweden's immediate interest in preserving the integrity of Germany's metallurgical industries upon the Rhine. The loss of their former Lorraine ores has been a serious blow to German iron and steel makers, but one from which they may recover; for, so long as their supplies of coking coal are intact, they can erect new furnaces — as they have already done — east of the Rhine and on the Baltic, and smelt imported ores. Here the interest of Sweden comes into play, for such a development would be a great economic advantage to that country. During her recent depression, Sweden's iron mines have suffered less than any other branch of her industry, and of her total ore exports last year — 4,340,000 tons — nearly three quarters went to Germany. Furthermore, these exports are increasing — to the profit not only of Swedish mine owners and miners, but also of Swedish shipping employed in carrying ore to Germany.

La Stampa demands editorially that Germany be compelled to pay all that she reasonably can upon her Reparations account, but is opposed to productive pledges for the following reasons: —

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1. It is absurd to imagine that productive pledges can be found that will yield the whole, or even an appreciable fraction of the amount that Germany ought to pay, unless it is proposed to reduce the whole German nation to slavery, misery, and ruin.

2. We should first be certain that the results will justify the measure: that is to say, that the net economic profit derived from pledges seized by force may not be outweighed by the injury done to German production and therefore to Germany's future capacity to pay, and to European production as a whole.

3. We must feel assured that the return from these pledges will actually benefit all of the Allies in their just proportion.

4. The pledges must be in themselves and in their ultimate effect exclusively economic, and not political.

INTERESTING IF TRUE

From a rather roundabout source — *La Vanguardia* of Barcelona — comes 'the first authentic version' of the causes of Lenin's physical breakdown a year ago. It is so well told in the original that it is worth quoting, if only as an example of Russian gossip. According to this informant, Lenin had worked practically 'in a vacuum' ever since his rise to power. He was surrounded by people who protected him from direct knowledge of actual conditions in Russia, and he lived alone with his own theories. When he met the public, the occasion was carefully staged, and the people with whom he came in contact were mostly enthusiastic supporters of his régime.

One day, however, a 'Yankee doctor,' whose mission was to ascertain the real situation in Russia preliminary to the work undertaken by the American Relief Administration, insisted upon interviewing the head of the Government. His request was repeatedly refused: Lenin did not have time to see strangers. His exacting duties required all his strength. In fact, reasons for refusing the interview were multiplied as the doctor became more insistent.

But the North American physician was obstinate and violent. He talked loudly and emphatically. He threatened that, unless he could see Lenin, the American Relief Administration would pack up and leave Russia.

Finally, his wish was granted. The interview between the outspoken and indignant doctor and the Bolshevist enthusiast was dramatic. The doctor bluntly told Lenin what the true situation was. He described to him, without mincing words, the abuses of the Cheka, the determination with which the peasants were clinging to their land, and the ravages of famine, cold, and exposure among tens of millions of human beings. He told of prison horrors, of daily executions, of delays and incompetence, of the martyrdom of the intellectuals, of the rise of a new bourgeoisie of profiteers. . . . Lenin listened with stupefaction. It was the first rude awakening from his dream. Finally he burst into tears and suffered a violent nervous collapse.

His regular physicians were called at once and tried to calm him, but his illusions were permanently banished. The shock was so great, following upon the stress of overwork and mental isolation, that a period of reaction ensued which lasted for several months, during which he was utterly apathetic regarding public affairs.

KRUPPS AND RUSSIA

The Krupp works have made rapid progress during the past year in remodeling and extending their plant. They now employ more than one hundred thousand laborers and clerks. Dividends have risen from four per cent to ten per cent, and the net profit has increased within a year from approximately ninety-eight million marks to one hundred and fifty-six million marks.

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However, these figures have no relation to true values on account of the depreciation of the mark. Valued in gold, net profits have fallen from about $1,250,000 to less than $1,000,000.

The Krupps have just concluded a contract with the Soviet Government. According to an interview given by a representative of the firm to *Vossische Zeitung*, these negotiations have been under way for a considerable time, but could not be brought to a conclusion until recently on account of the rapid depreciation of the mark. Now, however, an English consortium has interested itself in the proposed Krupp concessions to the extent of seventy-five per cent of the capital required.

The motive of the Krupp directors in seeking concessions from Soviet Russia is to develop a large wheat-growing area in the black-soil district, where grain can be raised to exchange with their firm for agricultural machinery and iron and steel products. If successful, this scheme will bring Germany vast supplies of cheap food secure from the hazards of overseas supplies, and to some extent independent of fluctuations in overseas markets. The initial concession is a quarter of a million acres.

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TRANSPLANTING HEADS

PROFESSOR WALTER FINK, a biologist of the Vienna University, has succeeded in transplanting heads from one insect to another and making them grow on their new body without fatal effects to the transplantees. The success of this operation enables biologists to investigate such abstruse subjects, for instance, as the part that the head plays in sex. Among the insects that have been so far favored with these pioneer experiments, are our familiar black water-bugs, which live, thrive, and eat with as much apparent gusto after exchanging heads — or is it bodies? — as before.

Observation seems to show that both sexual affinities and physical coloration are influenced by the head. If the head of a black water-bug is grafted on the body of a yellow-banded water-bug, it thrives on the new body. But the yellow bands gradually darken and disappear. Similar experiments have been tried upon other insects with like results. The experiments have taken place at the Vienna Biological Institute and are reported in *Der Tag* of that city.

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MINOR NOTES

THE *Herald of Asia* protests against the importation of flapper fashions and, what is worse, flapper manners to Japan, complaining that 'some of our more light-minded damsels are seriously trying to emulate this latest affliction of a much-suffering civilization; and bobbed hair, generous display of feminine legs, accompanied by raucous-tongued pertness, which are among the attributes of the flappers, are unfortunately becoming not altogether rare in the port cities of Japan, as well as in Tokyo.'

THE pro-Bolshevist *Nakanune*, of Berlin, gives an interview with one of the managers of the Soviet State Bank, who states that the gold currency, which the Soviet Government recently ordered to be coined, is not to be exchanged for the new gold-guaranteed bank-notes until 'immediately after the general conditions of the money market will justify' such exchange. Meanwhile, the exchange of bank-notes for gold coin is 'indefinitely postponed.' But, besides this, 'the fact of having gold currency coined will doubtlessly have a favorable psychological effect upon the domestic market.'

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MOBILIZATION MORNINGS

BY GENERAL VON MOLTKE

[The selection that follows is from a chapter of the late General von Moltke's memoirs which are about to be published in Germany by his widow. References to this volume, which has been withheld from publication for more than a year, appeared in the Living Age *of December 10 and December 31, 1921.]*

From *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung, December 6*
(Berlin Hugo Stinnes Press)

As I have stated elsewhere, our General Staff had studied for years a simultaneous campaign against Russia and France. The plan to invade France through Belgium was worked out by my predecessor, Count Schlieffen.

This measure was justified on the ground that it was practically impossible to force the French army to accept a decisive battle in the open field without violating Belgium's neutrality. All our information indicated that the French proposed to fight a defensive war, utilizing to the utmost the advantage of their strongly fortified positions along their Rhine frontier, and that we must reconcile ourselves to a series of protracted sieges if we made a frontal attack there.

Count Schlieffen even proposed to swing the right wing of Germany's army through Southern Holland. I changed this plan in order to avoid ranging the Netherlands on the side of our enemies, preferring to face the difficult technical problem of forcing our right wing through the narrow space between Aix and the south border of the Dutch province of Limburg. In order to do this, we must at all costs get possession of Liege as soon as possible. That explains our plan to take this place by storm.

The General Staff repeatedly debated whether it might not be better to fight a defensive war. We always rejected this, for it precluded all possibility of engaging the enemy in his own territories. We assumed beforehand that Belgium would protest against our crossing her frontiers; but did not anticipate that she would make armed resistance. That explains the form of the ultimatum I drafted to the Belgian Government. It guaranteed the King the integrity of his realm. Another passage in the ultimatum, holding out to Belgium the prospect of territorial acquisitions if she received us well, was struck out by the Foreign Office before the document was delivered.

Many objections might be raised to marching through Belgium; but the progress of events during the first weeks of the war showed that this manœuvre forced the French to do what we intended; that is, to meet us in the open field where they could be quickly defeated. Our failure to overwhelm France with our first attack was due to England's intervention.

Our assault on Liege was a bold undertaking. If we failed, we should suffer a serious moral setback. I was induced to order it by the hope of getting possession of the railway from Aix to Liege before it could be destroyed. In this we succeeded. We did not anticipate gaining what we eventually secured in addition—a practically intact railway to Brussels and St. Quentin.

On the day before our mobilization

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began, a telegram arrived from London, informing us that England had formally promised France to protect that country's northern coast against a German sea-attack. The Kaiser asked my opinion of this and I said at once that we could well afford to promise not to attack the northern coast of France, if England would guarantee to remain neutral. My opinion was that the war with France would be settled on land, and that we could well dispense with naval attacks if we secured England's neutrality in return. This telegram was probably England's first attempt to dupe us — or at any rate to delay our mobilization.

On July 30 we received word that a general mobilization had been ordered in Russia, and the Kaiser proclaimed a 'state of danger of war.' At 5 P. M. on August 1 he ordered a general mobilization throughout Germany. August 2 was the first mobilization day.

I was on my way back from the Palace to the Headquarters of the General Staff when I received an order to return immediately — that important news had just arrived. I immediately turned back. At the Palace I found not only His Majesty, but also the Minister of War and some other gentlemen. The Imperial Chancellor, who attached the utmost importance to maintaining good relations with England, and who, remarkably enough, had preserved even up to this time his faith that England would not take active part in a general war, was in high feather over the contents of a telegram just received from Prince Lichnovsky from London. His Majesty the Kaiser shared the Chancellor's delight.

This dispatch stated that Lord Grey, the head of the British Foreign Office, had informed our Ambassador that England would pledge herself to prevent France from joining a war against us, if Germany would in turn pledge herself not to attack France. I must note here, by way of parenthesis, that France had ordered a general mobilization on the same day that we did; but that we as yet knew nothing of that fact. Therefore, as I say, everybody was greatly relieved.

Consequently we should only have to fight Russia! The Kaiser said to me: 'So we simply have to post our whole army off to the Eastern border.' I replied to His Majesty that this was impossible. We could not, on the spur of the moment, deploy an army of a million men against a new front. It would take the continuous labor of a whole year to arrange for that. When a mobilization plan was once made, it could not be changed. If His Majesty insisted on marching the whole army eastward, it would reach the fighting line not an army ready for battle, but a confused mob of armed men without food, equipment, or supplies.

The Kaiser insisted and lost patience with me. He said to me among other things: 'Your uncle would have given me a different answer.' That wounded me deeply. I never pretended to be equal to the old field-marshal.

No one seemed to see that we were inviting an inevitable catastrophe if we turned all our forces against Russia, with France standing ready to attack us in the rear. How could England, no matter how honestly she might try, keep France from attacking us! My protest that France was already mobilized, and that it would be impossible to maintain peace between Germany and France, while both countries were mobilized, made no impression. Everybody got more and more excited, and I was alone in my opinion.

Finally I succeeded in convincing His Majesty that our scheme of deployment, with our strongest forces against France and our weaker defensive forces against Russia, must be

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carried out according to plan, if we were to avoid disastrous confusion. I told the Kaiser that after we had completed our deployment, we could then transfer powerful reinforcements to the Eastern army; but that while we were in the process of deployment, nothing must be changed, otherwise I must refuse to accept responsibility for what might happen.

Thereupon we drafted a reply to the London telegram, saying that Germany was happy to accept England's proposal, but that our mobilization must proceed according to plan, even along the French frontier. Technical considerations demanded this. However, we promised not to invade France so long as that country submitted to England's control and remained quiet.

This is all I could get. The folly of the whole English suggestion was clear to me from the first. This possibility had been brought to my attention by the Foreign Office long before the war. It was suggested that France might remain neutral while Germany was fighting Russia. I had so little faith in such a suggestion that I always insisted that if Russia declared war against us we must immediately declare war against France, provided there was the slightest suspicion of that country's attitude. I now demanded, as a guaranty of France's peaceful intentions, that we be put temporarily in possession of the fortresses of Verdun and Toul. This suggestion was rejected as implying lack of confidence in England's good faith.

During this interview I was almost in despair. I saw that diplomatic interference threatened to set awry our whole scheme of mobilization, and to do us incalculable harm in the impending war. Let me say parenthetically that our mobilization plan provided that we should occupy Luxemburg with our Sixteenth Division, on the first day. It was imperative for us to protect the Luxemburg railways from a French attack, since we needed them to deploy our forces.

Therefore, I was indeed sick at heart when the Imperial Chancellor declared that we must not occupy Luxemburg under any circumstances; that such an act would be a direct threat against France and would make the guaranty tendered by England of no avail. While I was standing there the Kaiser turned to his adjutant, and without consulting me, ordered him to telephone at once to the Sixteenth Division at Trèves, ordering them not to march into Luxemburg. I felt as if my heart would break. We were at the point of having our whole deployment scheme thrown into confusion. No man could appreciate what that meant unless he was intimately familiar with our whole complicated mobilization system down to the minutest detail. We had provided beforehand at what specific point every single train should be at each particular minute of the day. The slightest interference would throw the whole thing into disastrous confusion. I endeavored in vain to show His Majesty that we must have the Luxemburg railways and must protect them. But I was bluntly dismissed with the remark that I could use other lines. The order was issued as the Kaiser directed.

So I was dismissed. It is impossible for me to describe my feelings as I made my way back to Headquarters. I was crushed and burst into bitter tears of abject despair. When the telegram to the Sixteenth Division was handed me, confirming the telephone order previously given, I threw my pen down on the table and said I would not sign it. I could not put my signature to an order — to the first order after mobilization began — that annulled all our careful preparations, and that invariably would be understood by our

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troops as a sign of hesitation and irresolution.

I said to Lieutenant Colonel Tappan: 'Do with this telegram what you will. I will not sign it.'

I sat in my office, in the depths of dejection, until eleven o'clock at night, when I was again ordered to come at once to the Palace. His Majesty the Kaiser received me in his bedroom. He had already retired, but had gotten up and slipped on a coat. He handed me a telegram from the King of England, in which that monarch said that he knew nothing of any guaranty on England's part to prevent France from entering the war. Prince Lichnovsky's telegram must have been based on an error, or else misunderstood. The Kaiser was very excited and said to me: 'Now you can do what you will.'

I immediately went back to my office and telegraphed to the Sixteenth Division to continue its advance into Luxemburg. In order to show some motive for renewing this command, I added: 'Since we have learned that a mobilization has been ordered in France. . . .'

That was my first experience in the war. I am convinced that the Kaiser would never have signed the order for mobilization if Prince Lichnovsky's telegram had arrived half an hour sooner. I never recovered from the shock of this incident. Something in me broke, and I was never the same thereafter. My optimism and confidence were irretrievably shaken.

AN APOLOGY FOR THE UNAVOIDABLE

BYN. ULIANOV-LENIN

[We print below the most significant paragraphs of the speech before the Fourth Plenary Session of the Third International, in which Lenin defends the 'new economic policy' and incidentally reveals its decided similarity to old and familiar economic policies in Western Europe and America.]

From *Die Rote Fahne, November* 22
(Berlin Official Communist Daily)

I am going to speak of the results of our new economic policy. In 1921 this policy was still nothing but a vague idea. After we came victoriously through the most important phase of the civil war, there arose the great — the greatest, in my opinion — domestic political crisis that we have faced in Soviet Russia: namely, the discontent of great masses not only of the peasants but of the workers as well. What was the cause of it? — it was the fact that our demands were too far-fetched, that we did not make sure of our foundations. The masses already felt what we still failed to realize. But even we were soon convinced that an immediate transition to a Socialist redistribution of wealth was beyond our power. We saw that we were sure to perish if we did not make concessions that would give us a breathing space to devote to minor problems.

Therefore, in the spring of 1921, we

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decided by practically a unanimous vote, to embark upon the new economic policy. Has the result of this step been beneficial, and have we saved ourselves? I believe these are questions of the utmost importance for all Communists. Because, if the answer is no, we shall all go under together.

I think, however, that we can, with a clear conscience, answer this question in the affirmative; that the last year and a half have justified us.

I shall now prove my assertion. For this purpose, I must summarize the factors in Russia's economic situation.

First, public finance and the famous Russian ruble. I believe that we can rightly call the ruble famous, if for no other reason than that it now numbers something like one quadrillion. (General levity.) A quadrillion is no trifle. An astronomical figure! I am sure that many of you do not know just how much that is. But from the economic standpoint the number of rubles is unimportant: we could even cross out the zeros. (General levity.) In this field we have already accomplished much and shall accomplish more. The important thing is the stabilization of ruble exchange.

If we succeed in stabilizing the ruble for a considerable period, and later permanently — we shall have won. After that, these astronomical figures will do no harm. Then we shall be able to put our finance and industry on a firm foundation, and to keep them on a firm foundation. Concerning this question, I believe I can present to you some important and decisive facts. In 1921 the ruble only continued stable for three months. In 1922 this stability has already lasted five months — and the year is not yet closed. I think this is sufficient. These figures show that since 1921, when we first inaugurated our new economic policy, we have learned how to move ahead. Unless we now do something very foolish, we are sure to make further progress. Although we are only beginning to follow our new economic policy systematically and deliberately, yet we have already held the ruble at the same value for five months instead of for three months as last year. I believe we should feel satisfied, because we stand alone, and we have done this without foreign aid. We have received no loan — no help from any one of those capitalist states that manage their own affairs with such amazing competency that even to-day they still do not know how their own finances stand!

Their Versailles Treaty set up a financial system that they do not understand themselves. If that has happened in those great capitalist states, how much more satisfied should we feel, in our backward, uncivilized country, at having accomplished the most important thing: stabilize our money!

I shall now describe conditions among our different social classes. The most important, of course, is the peasantry. In 1921 dissatisfaction reigned supreme among them. Afterward we had the famine that afflicted the peasants worst of all. Naturally, the whole outside world shouted: 'Look — this is the result of Bolshevist economics!' Naturally, they did not shout it was the result of the civil war. All the landowners and the bourgeoisie who fought us in 1918 now represented the famine as a result of applying Socialist theories.

Now, what is the situation after this unexpected calamity? I say, the answer is clear to every observer. Within a year, the peasantry have conquered the famine, and have managed to bring in their taxes in kind to such an extent that we now possess hundreds of millions of poods of grain, and this almost without having recourse to compulsion. Up to 1921, peasant uprisings were common — now they have almost en-

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tirely ceased. We can say with assurance that the peasants are satisfied with their present situation. We believe that this fact speaks clearer than all the statistics and official reports we could publish. The present condition of the peasantry is such as to make future uprisings against us highly improbable. To be sure, they may still have some grievances; but serious discontent has been banished.

As regards handicraft and factory industries, I can say with full assurance that a general improvement is to be noted. And in close connection with this, the living conditions of workingmen have improved both in Petrograd and in Moscow. This is not so apparent elsewhere, since what we call heavy industry is of relatively more importance outside the capitals. And the condition of heavy industry is quite a different story.

There we still meet serious difficulties. A slight improvement took place in 1921 and up to 1922. Consequently, we may hope that our mines, furnaces, and works will show still better results in the future. In a capitalist state, any betterment of these industries would unavoidably require hundreds of millions of new capital in the form of loans. We do not have such loans. All we hear about concessions and the like, is nothing but empty talk. In spite of this, we already witness a good, modest revival.

Besides, our commerce has brought us in a little capital — something like twenty million rubles gold. At any rate, we have made a start. Our trade is bringing in money with which to restore our heavy industries. This is still 'music of the future,' however. Our heavy industries are in a very precarious state. Nevertheless, it is apparent that we are able now to put something aside — and we shall do so. We know that unless we restore our mines, furnaces, and other primary industries, we shall have no industry at all. Without heavy industries we shall be altogether lost as an independent country. Good crops and prosperous secondary industries alone will not save Russia. Without primary industries we cannot survive as a civilized nation — much less as a Socialist state. The amount we have been able to appropriate for their restoration up to the present is still less than twenty million gold rubles.

On the whole, however, I think myself justified in concluding that the new economic policy has brought us positive gains. We have shown that we can engage in commerce as a state, and at least maintain manufacturing and agriculture at their present level and make slow progress.

For five years we have been defending the power of the working class; and this in war time. It was natural that the peasantry, on the whole, should be for us. They understood that behind the White stood the landowners, whom they hate above everything else in the world. This, however, does not mean a great deal: it only means an issue as to whether peasants or landlords were to run things. That is much too little for us. You understand that we seized the government for the workers; and that our aim is to erect a Socialist society with the help of the workers. Consequently, the all-important question for us was to lay the economic foundations of a Socialist society. We could not do it outright, and so we have tried to do it indirectly.

We are in possession of all strategic points; we keep our title to the land, which is the property of our State. This is very important, no matter what our opponents say. It has the greatest practical meaning, even for agriculture. We have made the peasants contented, we have begun to revive industry and trade.

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As far as trade is concerned, I want to emphasize that we propose to found mixed companies, that is, concerns where part of the capital will be foreign private capital and the other part will come from us. First of all, we shall in this way learn how to trade — and we need such training. In the second place, we shall be able, if it proves desirable, to dissolve such companies. So we really run no risk. Undoubtedly, we have committed many follies and we are going to commit more. No one is in a better position to judge of this and to see it objectively, than I am. (Laughter.)

Why have we made those foolish mistakes? This is clear. First: because we are a backward country. Second: we have but a minimum of education. Third: we receive no help; no civilized state comes to our assistance; they all work against us. Fourth: there is the outstanding question of government-machinery. We took the old state-machinery over from those whom we succeeded.

In 1917, when we came to power, the old functionaries sabotaged. We shouted to them: 'Please come back!' And they came back, all of them. This necessity was our misfortune. Oftentimes, while all is running smoothly at the top of the Government, because there we are in power, our underlings run things arbitrarily at cross-purposes, and manage to defeat our objects. We cannot remedy this in a moment. We shall have to work for years to perfect our government-machinery. As it is, we are going ahead at great speed — at too great a speed, perhaps. If we do not act too hastily, we shall have a force of young officials in a few years, who will be able radically to reform our government-machinery.

When our opponents reproach us by saying that Lenin himself confesses to an enormous amount of foolish mistakes, I want to tell them this: 'You know, just the same, that our foolishness is altogether different from yours.'

We have just begun to learn, and we are learning in such a systematic way that we are sure to obtain results. However, in answer to our opponents, the capitalists, who reproach us for our foolish missteps, I shall cite an example from a famous Russian writer. I shall change this example somewhat so that it reads as follows: when a Bolshevik makes a mistake, he says: two times two makes five; but when a capitalist makes a mistake, he says: two times two makes a stearin candle. This is not difficult to prove. Take, for instance, the agreement between Kolchak and America, France, England, and Japan. Are there stronger and more civilized states in the world? They promised to help Kolchak, and made a fiasco of it that I find it humanly impossible to understand. Now for the second example — the Treaty of Versailles. What did those highly enlightened Powers concoct at Versailles? How are they now to find their way out of that mixup, that nonsense? I do not think it is an exaggeration if I assert that our follies are as nothing compared to those of which the Capitalist world is guilty.

I believe the most important thing for us all, Russians as well as outsiders, is the fact that now we are finally in a position to learn.

I do not know how long the Capitalist Powers will leave us in peace, so that we may learn. But we must use every minute that we have free from war, for the purpose of learning. And we Russians do learn.

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ETHICS AND TECHNICS

BY RICHARD NIKOLAUS COUDENHOVE-KALERGI

[We print below a continuation of the discussion of the relation of technical progress to social and political progress, of which an earlier installment was published in the Living Age *of December 2.]*

From *Neue Freie Presse, November* 30
(VIENNA LIBERAL DAILY)

THE critical question facing European civilization is: How can we maintain in comfort a dense population, crowded in the narrow limits of our cold and sterile Northern continent, and assure it liberty and leisure to enjoy the higher blessings of life?

The answer is: through the progress of ethics and of technics.

Ethics can be mastered by the European through education. The printing press and the church can change him from a wild animal to a tame animal, and thereby prepare him for emancipation from arbitrary social and political restraints. Technical progress, by multiplying production and substituting machine labor for muscle labor, can provide the European with leisure and resources for cultivating and developing his higher cultural interests.

Ethics solves the social question from within; technics solves it from without.

In Europe there are two classes of men who possess the prerequisites of happiness: the wealthy, who can do and can have what they wish; and the saintly, who have no desire to do or to have what fate does not give them. The rich win objective freedom through their power to make their fellow men and the forces of nature the servants of their desires. The saintly win freedom through subjective emancipation and indifference to the things of this world. The rich are unhampered in their relations with the physical universe. The saintly range freely through the world of the spirit.

All other Europeans are slaves to nature and to society — forced laborers and prisoners.

The ethical ideal is to make Europe a community of saints; the technical ideal is to make Europe a community of the rich.

Ethics strives to conquer our desire so that man will no longer feel poor; technics strives to abolish want in order that men may no longer be poor.

Political remedies can never make men either contented or rich. For that reason, political efforts to solve the social question are predestined to fail. We can better social conditions only through ethics and technics.

At the present stage of ethics and technics, the utmost that political measures can attain is to universalize servitude, poverty, and forced labor. Such measures can merely equalize these ills; they can not remove them. Socialism can turn Europe into a workhouse peopled by forced laborers living in perfect equality, but not into a paradise. The citizens of an ideal Socialist community would have less liberty and would suffer more restraint than the members of a convict settlement. The history of civilization would but record a tragic deception of all mankind.

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So long as ethical motives are too weak to protect men from their fellow men, and technical progress is too backward to shift their burden of daily toil to the forces of nature, men seek to avert the evils of overpopulation by political remedies, and to overcome the handicaps of climate by human toil.

Organized society protects men from the injustice of their fellow men, and protects their labor from the caprices of nature.

Organized government gives a man who renounces his liberty protection for his person and property against the brutality and greed of his fellow men. Organized industry assures a man in our northern country, providing he renounces free control of his time and acts, protection from starvation and exposure.

These two institutions destine the Europeans, whom nature would otherwise destroy on account of their excessive numbers, to a life of compulsory toil. In order to survive, the European must surrender his liberty. As a citizen, he is confined in a narrow cell of rights and duties; as a forced laborer, he is harnessed under the heavy yoke of personal output. If he revolts against the government, he is threatened with the gallows; if he revolts against labor, he is threatened with starvation.

Government and industry both claim ideal values. They demand of their victims reverence and love. However, they are not ideals; they are irksome social and climatic necessities.

Ever since there has been government in the world, men have dreamed and longed for anarchy; for an ideal state where there would be no laws or masters. Ever since there has been labor in the world, men have dreamed and longed for leisure, as an ideal condition where the divine curse of earning their bread by the sweat of their brow would be lifted from them.

Anarchy and leisure are ideals; government and toil are not.

Anarchy is impossible in a thickly populated country that has not attained the highest ethical level. If attempted, it would destroy the last remnant of freedom and possibility of existence that the State preserves for its citizens. In the engulfing whirlpool of conflicting selfish interests, every man would seek to tyrannize over his fellow man. Anarchy, instead of leading to freedom, would lead to hopeless slavery.

Were all to assert their right to leisure in our northern climate, a majority of our race would fall victims to cold and starvation within a few months. Poverty and misery would reach a climax.

A sort of hermit anarchy exists in the deserts and in the ice-bound regions of the North, among the Bedouins and the Eskimos. Leisure exists in thinly populated and fertile tropical islands. State compulsion and forced labor — these two protectors and slave-drivers of civilized men—cannot be abolished by a political revolution; but only through ethics and technics.

Until our ethical progress enables us to dispense with the police powers of the State, anarchy means universal murder and pillage. Until technical progress has made unnecessary compulsory labor, leisure can be purchased only by universal hunger and exposure.

Only through ethical progress can the people of overpopulated countries redeem themselves from the tyranny of social sanctions; only through technical progress can those who dwell in the colder regions redeem themselves from the tyranny of the natural forces.

The mission of the State is to render itself superfluous by promoting ethical progress, so that men may ultimately

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be able to live without social sanctions — that is, in anarchy; the mission of labor is to make itself superfluous by promoting technical industry until, eventually, physical toil becomes unnecessary and leisure becomes general.

The voluntary association of men in communities is no curse; but the compulsion of government is a curse. Voluntary labor is no curse; but enforced labor is a curse. The ideal of humanity is not license but liberty, not idleness but leisure.

Enforced government and enforced toil are evils and must eventually be overcome; but they cannot be supplanted by anarchy and leisure until ethics and technics have matured; and to attain that maturity, men must constantly improve their compulsory government so that it may better promote ethical progress, and they must constantly better the conditions of enforced labor, in order to promote technical progress.

The spiral of cultural evolution, from the paradise of the past to the paradise of the future, follows this double curve: primitive anarchy, overpopulation, compulsory government, ethical perfection, civilized anarchy on the one hand; and on the other, the leisure of primitive man, migration to the North, forced labor, technical progress, civilized leisure.

To-day we are in the middle reaches of this spiral, far removed from either paradise; therefore, we are unhappy. The average modern European is no longer a nature-man — but he is not yet a culture-man; he is no longer a mere brute, but he is not yet a perfect human being; he is no longer part of nature, but he is not yet the lord of nature.

Ethics and technics are sisters. Ethics rules the natural forces within us. Technics rules the natural forces without us. Both seek to subjugate nature by spirit.

Ethics seeks to liberate man by heroic negation, by resignation; technics seeks to liberate man by heroic affirmation, by action.

Neither ethics nor technics alone can redeem the man of the North; for half-starved, half-frozen men can be neither fed nor warmed by ethics; nor can evil and avaricious men be protected from each other or made contented by technics.

What real profit do men derive from right conduct if they nevertheless starve and freeze? What profit do men derive from technical progress if they abuse it to slaughter and mutilate each other? Asia suffers more from overpopulation than from cold; therefore she has been able to dispense to some extent with technical progress and to devote herself more than has Europe to ethical development. It is in our continent that ethics and technics most completely supplement each other.

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VICTOR HUGO AND ITALIAN LIBERTY

BY GUSTAVE SIMON

[*Victor Hugo was an ardent champion of Italian liberty, and numbered among his correspondents Garibaldi, Mazzini, and Angelo Brofferio, the Piedmont poet, politician, and Garibaldist who offered the hospitality of Turin to Hugo when the latter was an exile.*]

From *La Revue Mondiale, December* 1
(Paris Current-Affairs Semimonthly)

In 1856 Victor Hugo received this appeal from Mazzini: —

'It is a long time now since we have heard your voice. A page in which you were to say that Italy is just at present agitated but astray, and lured hither and thither by intriguers; that the star of her destiny shines in herself, in her heart, in her people, in her traditions, in her memories of 1848 and 1849, and not in some foreign firmament of alien courts and conferences, would do us great service. Were such a contribution inserted in *L'Homme*, and in *La Nation* of Brussels, I would personally translate it for the Italian press. It is at Paris and at Rome that the question of Europe's safety is posed to-day: one man less and one nation more.'

Victor Hugo replied in a letter to Italy from which we quote this extract: —

'Brothers: When one belongs to the ancient race of Italy; when the blood of glorious centuries of human history — the very blood of civilization — flows through one's veins; when one's strain runs pure, unmixed, and undegenerate; when one has made the opportunity he sought, and scaled all the heights of aspirations known to the past; when one has made the immemorable effort recorded in the Constitutional Assembly and the Triumvirate; when only yesterday — for 1849 is yesterday — one has demonstrated that he is worthy of Rome; when, in a word, one is what the Italian is to-day, and is conscious that his destiny is in his own hands; then he may well say to himself that he must be his own deliverer, the carver of his own fate. He may well despise the advances and the offers of princes, and refuse the favors of those from whom he must vindicate his liberty.'

Victor Hugo had a high opinion of Mazzini. I have found this note in his unpublished papers: 'Mazzini not only knows men, but he forms them. He has at his bidding a group of practical revolutionists whom he has trained; what might be called a complete revolutionary team. And the men he has trained are men indeed, sober, temperate, cool-headed, silent, honest, implacable.'

In 1863, Victor Hugo received a letter from Garibaldi asking him to assist in raising money to purchase a million rifles. He replied, enclosing his own subscription. In 1867, he published his poem, *Mentana*, to which Garibaldi endeavored to reply in French verse. Victor Hugo thanked him with the following letter, here published for the first time: —

Hauteville-House, *January* 20, 1868

Dear Garibaldi: —

In the tent of Achilles hung a lyre, and in the tent of Judas Maccabæus a harp. Roland wrote verses to Charle-

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magne, Frederick II addressed odes to Voltaire. Heroes are poets. You confirm this. I have read with deep emotion the noble lyric letter that you have written me, where you make the tongue of France express the soul of Italy. The same spirit of justice and liberty that inspires your great deeds inspires you with great thoughts.

Hoping that we may soon meet again, illustrious friend,

VICTOR HUGO.

Garibaldi and his volunteers fought for France in 1870, and Garibaldi's sons joined the French army in the last war, and paid for their devotion to our country with their blood. But that is a story that would take me too far from my present theme. My purpose here is to show Victor Hugo's constant devotion to Italy. The following letters are a new and important contribution to this theme:—

2 SIDNEY PLACE, BROMPTON, LONDON
September 20, 1851

DEAR SIR: —

You have written beautiful and touching words regarding Rome and Italy. We have received them with gratitude and love. Since then, you have fought nobly for France, and through France for us, opposing the oppression that calls itself a Republic, the hypocrisy that calls itself religion, the materialism of caste interests, and a man usurping the prestige of a political doctrine. You have reared two sons worthy of you to aid you in the battle, and now that they are for the moment hors de combat, you replace them in the breach. That is a beautiful act. It is worthy of the greatness of the cause. All others who suffer and fight for the banner that your sons have held on high — that you hold on high — for a world in which there shall be neither scaffolds nor excuses for scaffolds; neither violation of the rights of asylum nor reasons for seeking asylum; for a future world in which there will be no anarchy, no dungeons, no masters, no slaves, no persecutors, no persecuted; but God and His law on high, the public below, and genius, virtue, apostles, and torches of liberty, between, follow your noble action with throbbing hearts. You will receive your just reward. I take the opportunity afforded by a fellow countryman, who wishes to see you, to tell you this. I have loved you, poet, from my earliest years as a student; I admire you to-day, and your burning words championing the rights of peoples against their rulers. I have long wanted to tell you this, as a man, and as an Italian, for the satisfaction of my own heart.

March steadily forward. Only in your own country, believe me, sir, will you find strong faith, unity of thought and action, devotion, love, and life. On the other side, there is only death. We may sin with our heads but we cannot sin with our hearts. We love the good; they love power for a day. We believe; they calculate. Do not hope to convert them. They must pass away. Let them become the just victims of contempt and neglect. Let the people rise. The peaceful solution for which you still appeal is the last dream of a good man. It will never come. The men to whom you address your appeal can offer merely compromises. On May 31, they lost faith, logic, comprehension of the new life that throbs around them. The initiative is no longer theirs. And to fill the gap, the people must assert themselves, once more. Action is their proper sphere, the source of their inspiration, the revelation of their power. We must appeal on this plane, or France is lost. Partial reforms and negotiated compromises regarding the suffrage will not enable her to triumph in Europe, and in that world of eternal principles that

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temporary expediency has tempted her to desert.

Devotedly yours,
JOSEPH MAZZINI.

January 17, 1856

Strive that every one of your thoughts may be beneficially the thought of all. May your acts correspond with your thoughts as perfectly as the movements of your body correspond with the will of your soul. You will have then fulfilled your mission in life.

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

Care of James Stomsfeld
SWAN BREWERY, INLHAM, *May* 15

I have received your letter. I thank you. I shall be overjoyed to clasp your hand if you come to London. Have I made myself clear? What I ask of you would not take more than a few minutes, and is critically important just at this moment. It is to write twenty lines, saying to Italy: You were great and noble in your Rome programme. Be loyal to it, for there alone lies your safety. Do not listen to the false prophets who assail you with doubts. Do not trust any diplomacy which does naught but barter. Do not bow your head to receive the alms of an humiliating pardon, or of some administrative reform, the only purpose of which is to divert you from the route that God points out to you. Your life, your life undivided and republican, is sacred. Do not barter away your future.

If you have a moment of inspiration, write that; we shall all be deeply grateful.

Most devotedly yours,
JOSEPH MAZZINI.

May 31

Thank you from the bottom of my heart. You have written what I should have written myself had I your literary genius. Your inspiring words will not be lost in Italy. It is in the name of my country that I thank you.

Moments are now priceless for us. I could not wait, and I have had your words printed in *L'Homme* and in *La Nation*. Within three days the public will have your message at Genoa.

In the midst of all the baseness and corruptions and intrigues with which we are surrounded, only action can save our cause. I am laboring for that with all my power. Unhappily, our party fails in its task. Each little group wastes its energy and its money on twenty different things. We are always fighting skirmishes, and getting nowhere. Serious revolutionary strategy demands more than this. We should fight in close formation, like a single army, the Grand Army of Justice and Liberty. We should study carefully beforehand the strategical point at which to deliver our attack. We should concentrate all our forces upon that point. Just now, there are two such strategic centres — Paris and Rome — social idealism at the first, the national unity at the second; one man less, one nation more. There is not a shadow of doubt as to this. But people do not understand, appreciate, act, along these lines. I am fighting almost alone and without resources.

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

2 SIDNEY PLACE, BROMPTON, *May* 5

DEAR SIR: —

I am proud of your sympathy. I have often received from your writings not only light upon the past, but that solace for the soul that only the power of faith can give. You are for me one of the forerunners of the church of the future. I do not merely admire you, I love you.

Because I feel myself your brother in the faith, and because I comprehend the sacredness of your literary mission, I beg you: Dismiss the subject they have discussed with you. You will not be in a position to know all the truth,

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as you ought to know it. Do not ask further why I tell you this. Do not blame [words illegible]. He is merely overzealous. His enthusiasm misleads him. But do not write about [word illegible] except under its collective aspect. Everyone there proved himself a hero. All that you could write with a partial knowledge regarding individuals would detract from the Italian *nous*, which is powerfully intrenched among its ruins; and besides, you would expose yourself to being contradicted.

I shall be broken-hearted, I tell you frankly, if what my sense of duty forces me to tell you should prevent your writing something about Rome. I have greatly desired that for a long time, and I beg you to do so. You have described the Rome of the past with the pen of a master; describe now the Rome of the future, the Rome of the people. I had a vision of that Rome twenty years ago; and then everybody scoffed at me, and called me a dreamer. Now there is not a single Italian worthy of the name who does not foresee this third Rome, destined to superimpose itself upon the two Romes of the past, and to become greater than either of them. Let a voice from France salute that Rome in its cradle. Let that voice be yours. I shall be profoundly grateful. Glance over as simply presentiments, as first flashes of the coming dawn, the official acts of the Roman Republic. Read a few pages that A—— will suggest here and there in *L'Italia del Popolo*. Read the songs of Mameli. Ponder on our motto: 'God and the People,' that eliminates all intermediaries between Divine Revelation and humanity. Recall that this declaration of faith issued instinctively and simultaneously, without prearrangement or concerted action, from the heart of Rome and the heart of Venice. Compare the courage, the inspiration, the devotion that our banner of republican religion arouses in the heart of the common people with the powerless royal battalions and artillery of the Lombard campaign. I am sure you will not lack the inspiration. Rome and Venice will transform the [word illegible] and the [word illegible] into hosts under the same banner, the banner of Italian unity, in place of the old dualism of Guelph and Ghibelline, Pope and Emperor. Range yourself with us. Believe me, we shall be worthy of you.

Write me if I can help you in any way in your task. Your devoted friend,

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

CAPRERA, *November* 25, 1863

DEAR VICTOR HUGO: —

I was sure of your offer — you must be certain of my gratitude.

What you say is true. I shall have a million men behind me, or I should not have called for a million rifles. I shall have the moral support of the world, or I should not have thrown down the gauntlet of war. Like you, I look forward to the irresistible uprising of peoples, but it is a vain ideal to hope to attain truth without trial, to expect justice to march triumphantly to her goal without shedding human blood.

You who carry the torch must light for us a less savage way, and we must follow you. For the moment, adieu. Your friend for life,

G. GARIBALDI.

FALMOUTH, *April* 26, 1864

MY DEAR VICTOR HUGO: —

Thank you for your letter of the twenty-fourth [congratulating Garibaldi upon his enthusiastic welcome in London]. Yes, I love you with an affection that men of your type can understand, and my greatest regret in leaving this land of refuge is that I have not been able to clasp your hand — champion of human liberty, supporter of the hope of nations.

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Your clear-sighted, humanitarian vision has doubtless informed you — in suggesting to me *La Délivrance* — that the nations are about to gain that for which they so ardently long. I accept the augury with gratitude. I assure you that I have felt as you feel during my short visit among the generous sons of Old England — this general disposition to do away at length with the old policy of butchery, that rules the world under the mask of law and order. Yes, my worthy friend, with my hand clasped in the horny, calloused hands of British workmen, I have listened to words of fraternity with France. I have heard them roared forth as with a single voice by these vigorous hosts of the children of toil. My eyes are wet with tears as I recall their sentence of death upon despotism — this cry of a great nation, sounding forth to a brother nation in behalf of liberty for all. You know that with England and France at the front, deliverance is near. Caprera will be proud of your visit, and I am happy in these days to dare to hope everything.

Permit me to clasp your illustrious hand, at least in my thoughts, and to pledge myself for my life, your devoted

G. GARIBALDI.

TURIN, *May* 24, 1864

DEAR AND ILLUSTRIOUS MASTER: —

It is long since I have had word from you. Since your last volume of poems, which I read with enthusiasm, and caused to be brought to the attention of our Italian newspapers, I have heard of you only what Fame reports of a great man, who even in his silence holds the attention of the world.

Have you been informed of the attitude of Piedmont in respect to the *loi Buonaparte*, punishing conspiracies against the lives of foreign princes?

As president of the commission, I had succeeded in having this law rejected in committee by a heavy majority, but Parliament was not able to defend itself against improper influences, and the law has been adopted!

I am sending you the two speeches I delivered on this occasion: one, in reply to General La Marmora, brought protests from Lamartine and Bastide that you doubtless have seen.

I am about to publish a work in twenty volumes, called *My Times*. Two volumes have had a reception that has not been accorded to any other work since Mansoni's *Les Fiancés*. But no sooner did the volumes appear than the frontiers of Italy were closed against them, and our publishers in this little country have not the means for putting out so costly a work. The result is that they are to be printed by a national subscription with the King's name at the top. In his capacity as *Il Re Galantuómo*, he feels it his duty to encourage all parties.

In a third volume, which is now in press, it is proposed to publish the names of the subscribers, and you will excuse me my ambition to have your glorious name among them. It alone will be worth a thousand ordinary names, and adorn my book like a branch of laurel. Will you permit me?

More than that, will you let me send you, by the most convenient way that you may indicate, my modest work as fast as it is printed? I beg this permission as a testimony of my gratitude and admiration.

The times continue to be unpropitious and confused. Your country, that was formerly the cradle of genius and of liberty, is giving us unhappy examples of servility and corruption. God grant that such things may not long continue to lower our ideals of our race, which seems for the moment to have forgotten all its higher aspirations.

Yours devotedly,

A. BROFFERIO.

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BETRAYERS BY CONVICTION

BY O. KOLBASINA

From *Volia Rossii, November* 15
(Prague Socialist-Revolutionary Weekly)

He has light-gray eyes, always wide-open, trustful and attentive, a childish, puckering mouth, and a voice that has not yet set: a young resounding basso that sometimes suddenly breaks into a treble. When this happens, his face flushes painfully and he does not know what to do with his arms — long, overgrown arms. He knits his brows and affects a rough and blustering air.

A typical Russian boy of the precocious kind that busy themselves solving world-problems in small, stuffy student rooms amid clouds of tobacco-smoke: the kind that used to 'go into the people' in the 'sixties, that later used to dream of sacrificing themselves in a passionate transport for the good of the people and perishing as innocent victims on the altar of liberty.

Now such boys settle world-problems in so-called Communist-Units in the schools; and thirst for achievement had led this particular lad . . . into the secret service of the Cheka.

Kostia is an idealistic young Communist, disinterested and enthusiastic. His classmates love him and trust him. Temperamental but apparently open-hearted and truthful, he is no puzzle: those eyes of his could not lie. He is often invited to little parties by comrades belonging to other parties, and they talk openly in his presence, although they know that he belongs to the Communist Unit.

Disheveling his hair and agitating his uncouth long arms, he will argue himself into a wild frenzy, into hoarseness; he is completely transported by fanatical faith.

When news reached us once, that there had been a Communist revolt in Germany, his habitually flushed cheeks became pale, his eyes sparkled, and his whole countenance was transfigured.

'There it is! It's beginning! Don't you hear — don't you see — they caught fire from Russia! . . . Now the blaze will sweep all over the world!' He lost his breath in his excitement. 'We . . . we . . . we are going to give happiness to the whole world!'

At the same time, he is a secret agent of the Cheka. Perhaps later on, that same evening of enthusiastic joy, he crept stealthily into the doors of the Cheka office.

We learned this quite accidentally and it was a thunderbolt to us.

'So this is true, Kostia? Thou art a Cheka agent?'

His face became bluish-pale and his childlike lips trembled.

'Yes, I'm in the service.' And his voice rang hysterically. 'Yes, yes, it is my duty. It is hard, but I cannot do otherwise. I am not alone. All Russia is now passing through a torment. But she does it for others' sake, for the happiness of the world. Blood, you say? — Let it be blood. Filth? — Let it be filth. Sin and abjection? — I am ready to take sin and abjection upon myself. Some one must do this dirty work: why others and not I? Is there a greater sacrifice for the sake of others?'

'The sin of Judas . . . Kostia! Remember, the sin of Judas is never forgiven.'

'Let it be Judas' sin — I take it upon myself. It is n't forgiven, you say?

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Well, what of that? I shall perish morally and the World Revolution will survive. What is more important — I, with my sand-grain of a soul, or an ocean of universal bliss?'

I am in the women's general room of the Cheka prison. It is night. We sit in a circle and the widow of an army officer, whose husband was put to death by the Bolsheviki, tells us about things she saw in the war.

All of a sudden Lida, our young Communist, a mere child, jumps to her feet and cries: 'Stop telling about it! I cannot, I don't want to listen to you!'

'Lida, you don't have to listen if you don't like it.'

'No, I don't want you to speak like this. I tell you to stop, or else it will be very bad.' And she sank to her bench, hysterical.

She was a quiet, reserved, exceptionally attractive little girl. We knew she was a Communist but we all liked her just the same. No one expected such strange behavior of her.

Long after I went to bed, some one pulled me by the arm and Lida's voice said: 'May I lie down with you?' She nestled close to me and cried bitterly. 'Tell me what to do. . . . Tell me! . . . I 'll lose my mind, I cannot. . . .'

'What is the matter, after all?'

'I am a Communist — I do believe, I do believe that we shall soon be victorious,' she whispered in a sort of frenzy, 'and all will be happy. We only want happiness for all, only happiness. And I must tell on her. . . .'

'How is it that you *must?* What connection is there between universal happiness and treachery?'

'What connection? Can't you see it? But we want happiness for all — not for ourselves. . . . Of course there are such persons among us who want it for themselves. . . . But the idea is what matters: for all! And those others — like this officer's widow — are blocking the way. Everything goes to pieces because of their resistance. You understand, don't you? I must tell on her — it is my duty. But I cannot. . . . I do not want to do it. And yet she spoke things that I must tell. . . . I see, now that I have sat in this prison, how repulsive everything is in the Cheka. . . . I have learned for myself how unjust. . . . But it is necessary. . . . They have too many enemies. The Cheka could never survive unaided. They will shoot her — I am sorry for her. But does a soldier in the war have a right to feel sorry? What sort of Communist am I if I feel sorry? I'm no good. But I do not know what to do. Where is truth? Where is duty? Everything is mixed up!'

We talked at length. At times she would listen to me and agree that her conception of duty was monstrous. And then again: 'No, no, you cannot understand me! You cannot understand, because you do not have my faith!'

And again she would sob bitterly, tormented by the dilemma: to betray her idea, or to betray that innocent woman.

'One of the two must be betrayed,' she formulated her thought, 'and I do not want to be a traitor. What shall I do? How shall I live?'

Three elegant women sit side by side on the sleeping-benches of the basement cell. They stand out among the other prisoners by the lustre of their well-polished nails, and the indefinable ease and grace with which they wear their exquisitely tailored dresses. Two of them are ballet-dancers, the third is a lady of the former best society. All three are good-looking. They all 'sit in prison' in connection with the scandalous trial of the Chekist Rosenthal. He is a young, remarkably handsome, fascinating fellow, if I am to believe the enthusiastic praise of his devoted

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female aids. His special duty was to catch speculators. He employed beautiful and elegant young women from every rank of society to decoy his quarry. Their business it was to lure big speculators into their net, tempt them to commit unlawful acts, and then betray them to Rosenthal. After the 'liquidation' of a speculator, his confiscated money was divided among the 'hunters.' Diamonds, gold, expensive gowns, suppers, champagne, thoroughbred horses. . . . The affair received wide publicity.

Rosenthal's competitors and rivals of the Cheka spied upon him and reported. It came to light that he and his women-collaborators never hesitated to 'create' a speculator, when they did not find a real one, if booty was to be had. They falsely accused, robbed, and caused to be shot people who were innocent even from the Cheka point of view.

The Cheka could not help indicting Rosenthal and his women. Sometime later I learned that they were all shot. At the time of this story, however, they did not know their fate.

'I know how to conquer them,' the lady formerly of high society said, embroidering a fine shirt for Rosenthal. 'Men are all alike: They fall in love and tell you all they know. Sometimes, of course, there are obstinate ones. There was one, a provincial fellow. He was as madly in love with me as could be, but his character was like rock. He would n't breathe a word about his business. I lost much time taming him, but finally got him to tell me all.'

One of us could not suppress words of protest.

'Why?' the lady retorted. 'You all agree that Russia is perishing with famine and disorganization. Who are the cause? Speculators. They are the greatest enemies of the country. We must fight them. To fight them all means are good. The essential thing is to catch them and stop their pernicious activities. Well — we 've been catching them.'

And she quietly resumed her embroidering.

'She is right, certainly she is right,' one of the ballet-dancers spoke up excitedly. 'Rosenthal is as pure as crystal. If you only knew what a wonderful man he is!' Her entire expression spoke eloquently of how much she was in love with Rosenthal. 'He is a Communist — an ideal, a crystal-pure Communist, and he says that we must first of all get rid of the speculators, otherwise they will ruin Russia. We served Russia: that's what we did! Rosenthal said so. But he was envied and calumniated.'

'But how is it that you kept spending money for yourselves, for your own pleasures — money that rightly belonged to Communists?'

'Oh, well, what of that? In the first place, it was greatly exaggerated. And then — the essential thing is to kill the speculator, so he will not harm Russia. What to do with his money is not at all important. And Rosenthal did not take all of it: he used to give part into the Cheka, and the other part — well, we had to live so as to entrap those fellows conveniently! We could never do a thing if we did not have receptions and suppers and so on. And besides, don't you think Rosenthal needed rest and entertainment? His work was hard.'

Nina Maslova, a Chekist girl, and a very young one, somehow or other landed in prison. She sat upon a bench and cynically and naïvely told her cellmates all the filth and the horrors of the Extraordinary Commission. She never hesitated to recount her own monstrous exploits of licentiousness and provocation. And she concluded with the words: 'Cheka is my Holy of

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Holies.' When asked to explain this, she said: 'I cannot belong to the Party because I hate Jews and I believe in God. But in everything else I am with them, with the Communists; and I 'll give my life for the Cheka.'

No matter what crimes were pointed out to her, she invariably repeated: 'What can you do? It 's impossible to do without all this; but the Cheka defends Communist Russia, and Cheka is my Holy of Holies.'

We know well that provocative agents always existed in Russia. But their dark activities were formerly wrapped in secrecy. They toiled in the dark. As soon as a provocator's profession became known to outsiders, his career was ended — he vanished into an abyss and never dared reappear unless after a long interval; and then in another country, under a different name, hardly identifiable. Did you ever hear a former provocator speak with pride of his vocation? They were afraid of daylight, as vermin are.

But then, all this was in the old 'bourgeois' Russia with her 'weak morals,' with her 'flabby intelligentsia.' Now we have a new morality. And shameful acts that were formerly hidden under the cover of night are now being done in the open.

A certain renegade declared with pride: 'I am now a traitor.'

A Cheka provocator-girl, denounced by her prison-mates, stood up in a theatrical pose and said: 'I am proud of having betrayed our enemies.'

A young, naïve girl, having landed in prison quite accidentally, returned from her examination and told us that they offered her a chance to become a provocative agent. Whereupon she quietly sat down to talk it over in a businesslike way, with her neighbors. Should she accept the offer or refuse it?

In each general cell there are several spies. Oftentimes, their duty is no secret to their cell-mates, but the latter seldom dare to protest openly. However, if they do, the denounced one declares cynically: 'Yes, I do that. I betray. But I am a Communist and proud of it.'

How many of them I have seen in those fifteen months of imprisonment!

Here is a young army-nurse from the front-trenches. They kept transferring her from one provincial Cheka to another. She is frightened, terrorized, harassed, and bold at the same time.

'We consider you as a provocative agent,' she was told plainly to her face.

'Ha-ha-ha!' she laughed with an artificial laugh, and the boldness of despair looked from her anxiously shifting eyes. 'Ha-ha-ha — you 'll not scare me with that word!'

There was an old Esthonian woman, feeble, unhappy, with not a soul to bring her something from outside, with not a friend in the world. Our whole little company felt sorry for her. We fed her, we tried to comfort her. Who would ever think that this unhappy creature, who wept day and night over her only son of whom she has heard nothing for years, was also a provocative agent? She listened, remembered, and repeated every word. She brought harm to many innocent prisoners.

A young girl, educated and intelligent, worked in some Government office and got into prison as a result of an intrigue. She did not mince words with the Chekists, was very insolent during examinations, and was punished more than once for her energetic protests. During one of those incarcerations in an unheated dungeon she contracted pleurisy.

'Just wait till I get out of here,' she would say to some of us, 'I 'll denounce all the horrors of the Cheka.' Her liveliness, her fiery temperament, and un-

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reserved speech did not please everybody; but positively everyone trusted her.

And even she turned out to be a secret agent of the Cheka!

Another one — a student of a provincial University, inexperienced, frightened, with no serious charges against her. She evidently was afraid to say a word during her examination. They began to browbeat her, to threaten her. Soon we knew that they got what they wanted: she betrayed her comrades and became an agent.

A young girl — a child — Nina Bogdanovich. They brought her into our cell at night, a little, pitiful figure with bobbed hair, wrapped in a big coat twice her size.

'It's mamma's coat,' she explained right away. 'My mamma was shot in Siberia. And papa also, and many others. And now they take me and some friends of ours from one prison to another all the time, and keep asking and asking questions. . . . I don't know why they brought me to Moscow now. . . . I had no coat. . . . They wanted to shoot me, too, so they took away all my things. . . . And then they wanted to drive me somewhere — and I had no coat. So they took me to the place where they have the executed people's things. And see — there was mamma's coat! I took it. It's too large. . . .'

No person with a heart could do aught but pity the lonely, harassed child.

One evening, we saw an unusual bright flush on Nina's cheeks. Her eyes were unnaturally brilliant, with huge, enlarged pupils. She laughed, and cried, and talked, talked incessantly.

'What is the matter? Have you fever?'

'No. . . . I inhaled cocaine. . . .'

'Where in the world did you get it?'

'I can always get it. . . . As much as I want. They give me always. . . .'

And there followed a long tale of how the Chekists had taught her to inhale cocaine and to go out on sprees with them. Before that they threatened to shoot her and would often press a revolver-muzzle to her temple.

'And what could I do? Ah, how they tortured me. . . . How they frightened me. . . . They would take me to see executions. . . . When they took mamma to execute her, she came near me and said: "They take me to my death, Nina. God bless you." And I said to her: "Take some cocaine, mamma, smell it. You 'll die easier." And I gave her some.'

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NEW GOETHE DOCUMENTS

BY PROFESSOR CHRISTOPHER WAAS

[*Bibliographical data concerning the reprint from which the following material is taken is given under* Books Mentioned.]

From *Kölnische Zeitung, December* 2
(Conservative Daily, British Occupied Territory)

Wenn man zwanzig Freyer zählet,
Keinen liebt, und alle quälet,
Alle liebt und keinen wählet;
Das ist eine stolze Lust
Für so eines Mädgens Brust.
Wenn so zwanzig bettelnd stehn,
O wie lebt sich's da so schön!
Ist wohl eine Wohllust grösser?
Doch im Ehstand sitzt man besser.

If a maid hath twenty suitors,
Loveth none and each one tortures,
Loveth all and no one favors,
That indeed is glorious sport.
Twenty suitors playing court
Must surely thrill a maiden's breast,
Yet marriage, after all, is best.

These teasing lines begin a German wedding lyric, written by the young Goethe to a former sweetheart. It will be sought for in vain even in the most complete editions of his works. We have Paul Zimmermann, the archivist of the Provincial Archives of Wolfenbüttel, to thank for the discovery of this delightful little poem. He will print it with eight hitherto unpublished letters of the young Goethe in *Das Braunschweigische Jahrbuch* for 1922. The originals of the letters also are in the archives mentioned.

As the title indicates, the newly discovered wedding-poem to Annette was addressed to Anna Katharina Schönkopf of Leipzig, who married Dr. Christian Karl Hanne, some eighteen months after Goethe left that city. The letters that were discovered with this poem were written to Ernst Theodore Langer of Breslau, the Leipzig friend to whom the author refers in *Dichtung und Wahrheit*. He later succeeded Lessing in charge of the Wolfenbüttel Library. During the great literary controversy that raged in Germany in 1797 and 1798, he was on the opposite side from Goethe and Schiller, and attacked his old friend with more vigor than consideration. However, this incident did not prevent Goethe from paying a tribute to his student-comrade in Leipzig, when he wrote *Dichtung und Wahrheit* in 1811 and 1812.

Any new discovery throwing light upon Goethe's youth is doubly to be welcomed; first, because it adds to our knowledge of the author during the incomparably stirring and strenuous years of the formative period of his development, and in the second place, because they enable us to estimate better the ratio of *Dichtung* to *Wahrheit* in his quasi-autobiography.

Langer appears in *Dichtung und Wahrheit* in the middle of the eighth book. He was the successor of Behrisch, who had lost his position as tutor with the Count of Lindenau on account of his intimacy with Goethe. But the new tutor likewise soon made the acquaintance at Leipzig of the sadly libeled student from Frankfort, and gradually became as intimate with him as Behrisch had been previously. Indeed, he became more — his religious

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guide. He tried, without sentimentality or emotional enthusiasm, to win his young friend away from his religious doubts and frivolous preoccupations, to serious faith in the Bible, and his efforts were not entirely without success.

The passages in *Dichtung und Wahrheit* relating to Langer, who does not again appear in the book, transfer the reader from Goethe's thoughtless gallantries in Leipzig to the chamber where he long lay critically ill in his father's house at Frankfort. Before he returned to Leipzig in 1768, a year and a half had elapsed. During the interval, he had on several occasions been close indeed to death. The deep influence of this experience and the kindly, unobtrusive counsels of his mother's noble friend, Fräulein von Kletenberg, had awakened in the youthful Goethe new religious interests. He felt drawn toward the Pietist Christianity of Count Zinzendorf, and joined the circle of this sect. According to *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, Langer had prepared the way for this conversion during Goethe's previous sojourn in Leipzig. Now we have original letters which the grateful young student wrote from Frankfort to his elderly friend in Leipzig. They prove that when he wrote *Dichtung und Wahrheit* he did not invent this incident in order to round out an artistic composition, but that this is one of the happy cases where truth and literary art are in full accord. The letters also add something to our knowledge of the religious life in Frankfort in those days.

On September 8, 1768, five days after his return to Frankfort, Goethe wrote: —

. . . Everything is just about as I expected. My mother has come out openly for the Society; my father knows it and is perfectly satisfied; my sister has accompanied her to the experience meetings. . . . I shall also go. The Ebersdorfer Song Book is very popular with this congregation.

In closing, Goethe promised to give his friend at an early date 'a full description of the Diaspora here.' In the second letter, which is one of two in the collection written in French, he thanks his friend, obviously out of a full heart, for what he has done for his spiritual welfare. This letter is dated Frankfort, November 9, 1768: —

. . . I shall always be indebted to you far more than you are indebted to me. You write that you are anxious to do all in your power to merit my friendship. Oh, don't do anything, or I shall be too greatly your debtor. You are the first man in the world who ever preached to me the true Evangel, and if God grants me the faith to make me a Christian, it is to you that I shall owe my first inspiration. God bless you for it.

The next letter describes his first close relations with the Brotherhood in Frankfort. It similarly reveals the constant struggle in Goethe's heart between his religious sensibilities and his artistic impulses and ideals. The Zinzendorfers were, on the whole, people of too modest mental endowments for him. In Strassburg, after several efforts, he gave up trying to associate with them.

On November 24, 1768, Goethe wrote from Frankfort: —

The Brothers regard me as a man who has good intentions and is sensitive to higher things, but is still too much attached to the world; and they are right. I owe you much, Langer. It would have been impossible for all the priests in the world to touch a soul like mine, especially with the unevangelical slop we are getting from the pulpits to-day. Your love, your honesty alone could have accomplished it. . . . I hope for the best. My active brain, my wit, my industry, my fairly well-grounded aspiration of eventually becoming a good author, are now, to tell you the truth, the greatest obstacles to my conversion, and to my more eager choice of

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the path toward which Grace directs me. . . . The Congregation admits me to its circle with tacit connivance, as the angels admitted Abadon to their circle at Golgotha.

A few weeks later Goethe had a violent relapse in his long illness. The crisis came on December 8, the birthday of his sister, Cornelia. When he was beginning to get better, he wrote to Langer, describing with the vividness of which he always was a master a wonderful hour of profound experience in the dear old house on Hirschgraben. This letter was dated January 17, 1769: —

. . . Much has happened to me. I have suffered and am again liberated . . . and if my body, as they say, has now better hope of a permanent recovery, because they have discovered the immediate reason for my illness, I know of no happier incident of my life than this dreadful experience.

A remarkable change has occurred, at least externally. Mellin [a mutual acquaintance from the Leipzig days and a member of the Brothers' Congregation, who was then residing in Frankfort] and several other of the Brothers sat up with me. My father, who was utterly exhausted, was much pleased at their consideration, and treated them most kindly and courteously. And since that time we have been somewhat more liberal in our religious observances. Day before yesterday, there was a meeting in our house, held, as you can well imagine, under a plausible pretext. Everything was prepared gorgeously, as for a fashionable social gathering — wine, sausage, and milk-bread on a side table, the *Frauenzimmer* lay on a table with the Ebersdorfer Song Books. One of the Brothers sat at the piano, playing the melody, two accompanied him with flutes, and the rest of us sang. Mellin and I stood a little behind the others, and could not see very well. 'Darkness must not be tolerated here,' I said, and lighted a chandelier directly above our heads, which made it light and cheerful. 'See,' I said to Mellin, 'that is symbolical of the New Jerusalem, when our cathedrals of stone become cathedrals of the spirit.'

There follows an affecting confession of the soul-struggles of the nineteen-year-old youth, and an observation upon the miraculous power of faith that recalls immediately what the elderly Goethe said to Eckermann on February 12, 1831, when he expressed his admiration for the beauty of the Bible story of Christ walking on the water, and Peter's lack of faith.

Just God, if thou wert not good. Langer, I often have my periods of mental distress and oppression. They are truly frightful. I am young, and on the path that will surely lead me out of the labyrinth. Who can promise me, though, that the light will always guide me as it does now, and that I shall never again go astray? In fact, I am afraid! Afraid! Always weak in the faith. Peter was also, by our standards, a righteous man, except for his timidity. Had he firmly believed that Jesus had power over Heaven, earth, and water, he might have walked on the water dry-shod; his doubt made him sink. You see, Langer, we are odd creatures. The Saviour has at length seized me. I tried to escape him; I ran so fast that he has but seized me, so to speak, by the hair. . . . No matter how long we wander in the wilderness, we both shall in the end [be saved].

In the summer of 1769, Langer visited Goethe at Frankfort on his way to Lausanne, and shortly afterward, on the twenty-first and twenty-second of September, Goethe personally took part in the Herrenhuter Synod at Marienborn, one of the old Zinzendorf places near Büdingen. He describes this in the fifteenth book of *Dichtung und Wahrheit.*

On November 30, he wrote to his friend, now in Switzerland, in French: —

Switzerland at last! What a change. . . . Whatever happens, I must approach France gradually, and the mixed dialect of Strassburg of which you spoke last September will afford me ample material for speculation at least, if it does not afford me pleasure. And in any case, the least agreeable university is the best place to work hard.

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Goethe was already planning to continue his studies at Strassburg when his friend visited him earlier in the autumn, and Langer had criticized the language — *le ton bâtard* — there. We already perceive in this letter Goethe's consciousness of returning health. The vivacity and exuberant spirits of his Strassburg student days are already foreshadowed. He continues: —

My health is steadily improving day by day. The state of my soul contributes not a little to this. I am content with the world. I always feel like studying, except afternoons when I have eaten or drunk too much, as occasionally happens.

Unhappily the letters from Strassburg, where Goethe arrived early in April, 1770, throw no new light upon his emotional and spiritual development. The great event in the first of the two letters, which was dated April 29 and May 11, 1770, was the arrival of Marie Antoinette, the young bride of the Dauphin, Louis XVI, and the public festivities on that occasion.

I have been swept off my feet in a flood of fun and folly. I am just beginning to remember again that I also exist. The last few days we have been mere adjectives to the Dauphine. How we play false to all our honest convictions before the gold-brocaded robes of royalty, which would look better on any straight-limbed man than on a bow-legged king. And yet when we are carried away with emotion, our pride and intelligence vanish. Our princes and our pretty girls know that, and do with us what they will.

This letter, and a few lines written on August 8 of the following year, 1771, just before he returned to Frankfort, after completing his studies and receiving his degree, are all that we have from the Strassburg period. He sums up this experience to his old friend with the following words: 'My stay here has been very pleasant, and I have profited by it more than people realize.'

That is all. Not a word of Herder, of Sesenheim, of Shakespeare, of the Cathedral, of the folk song, of the new lyrics, of his own poetical projects! The explanation is an easy one. During the interval, Salzmann has usurped Langer's place as Goethe's confidential friend and confessor.

And yet Langer had already received an intimation of a new intellectual and artistic interest, that was to survive the *Sturm und Drang* period, and that forecasts the Goethe of classical maturity, the Goethe who yearned for Italy and the art of the ancients. This, let us hasten to observe, is in complete accord with *Dichtung und Wahrheit.*

It will be recalled that at the end of the eleventh book of that work, the young *licentiatus juris* just back from Strassburg visits the museum of ancient art at Mannheim. He stands in wonder before its forest of statues, especially the cast of the famous Laocoön Group. A flood of new and illuminating ideas sweeps into his soul, and he immediately, as he relates there, wrote down these thoughts in an essay addressed to his old teacher, Professor Oeser, at Leipzig. Some doubt has been expressed as to the authenticity of this incident. We now learn that the profound impression produced by the Laocoön group, and the resulting essay to Oeser, date from an earlier and hitherto almost unknown visit to Mannheim, late in October, 1769. In his letter of November 30 of that year to Langer, Goethe wrote: —

Toward the end of last month, I made a pleasant trip, with Mannheim as my destination. Among many other magnificent things that struck the eye, nothing so appealed to my whole soul as the Laocoön Group. . . . I was so profoundly impressed by it that I almost forgot to look at anything else. . . . I have jotted down a few ideas on the Laocoön Group that will

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throw considerable light on a famous debate, in which many great men have made their voices heard. . . . In order to discuss the fine arts intelligently, one must be something more than a critic and spinner of fine hypotheses. I have written Professor Oeser telling him of my discoveries. I shall try to put them in order this winter, so as to be able to give them a final revision and a last touch next year, when I hope to pass through Mannheim on my way to Strassburg. What an experience it will be, when I go to Rome.

Goethe's intense interest in the artistic masterpieces of Rome and Italy became still keener at Strassburg, where he saw Gobelin tapestries displayed for the reception of Marie Antoinette, representing the cartoons of Raphael. He wrote on April 29, 1770: —

The Gobelins that have been brought from Paris to hang in some of the apartments have been a delightful surprise to me. Most of them are after Raphael, and are alone worth the trip, which I undertook for several reasons. The famous School of Athens is among them. It is useless to speak of such things; but I know this, that a new epoch in my experience dates from the moment I first saw it. Such a masterpiece is a fathomless reservoir of art. Several works by our modern masters hang in the same hall. There was all the difference of three centuries.

On to Italy, Langer! On to Italy! The year is not over yet. That is too early for me; I have not yet the knowledge that I need. I am still far too much behind. Paris should be my preparatory school, and Rome my university. For she is a real university; and when one has seen her he has seen all. For that reason I shall not hurry thither.

With what unerring pedagogical instinct Goethe wrote! Rome had already become in advance the goal of his educational pilgrimage. How long it was before he felt himself worthy to tread the soil of the promised land! This passage from the Strassburg letter to Langer will always remain an important contribution to the record of events leading up to Goethe's Italian journey.

Goethe's allusions to literary subjects in these letters to Langer are not so significant. They all relate in one way or another to Leipzig. For instance, he wrote to his friend on November 24, 1768: —

Remember me kindly to Professor Gellert. Please thank him in my behalf for the unmerited affection with which he has honored me. I should have written him long before this had I not feared that a letter from a man who had never proved himself worthy of his attention might bother him more than it would interest him.

Some fragments of Goethe's translation of Corneille's *Le Menteur* have been preserved. This translation has always been attributed to the Leipzig period, but so far as I am aware, we have hitherto had no definite proof of this. This is now supplied in the letter of November 24, 1768, in which Goethe mentions to his friend a new one-act play in verse, without giving the title. It is extremely probable that this relates to the first draft of the *Mitschuldigen*, which his sister Cornelia mentioned in a letter of the same period. Goethe says: —

I am writing a dreadful lot just at present, partly because I am in the mood, partly because I have nothing better to do. Last week I wrote a one-act afterpiece in verse that you shall have as soon as it is copied. Do you know how you invited this misfortune? You praised my translation of *Le Menteur*, and you must not praise an author if you do not want to read more of his work.

Goethe busied himself during his invalidism at Frankfort printing the first collection of his lyric poems, which we are accustomed to call the *Leipziger Liederbuch*. Its publication at Leipzig was delayed by numerous corrections. He wrote on January 17, 1769: —

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These rascally songs make me more trouble than they are worth. At Leipzig they are playing the fool with their eternal corrections. It seems as if God did not want me to become an author.

When at last, in 1770, he found himself the real author of a printed book, he was decidedly proud of his achievement. He sent a copy to Langer, together with an undated letter from which we quote the following: —

So here are my songs. I hope your regard for me will make you esteem them more than their merits deserve. The history of my heart in little miniatures! If ever there were poems that violated Batteux's principles they are these; not a line of imitation, all natural. Therefore they will always be a monument to my youth for me and for my friends.

In this letter he also enclosed his marriage poem to Annette, the first stanza of which we print above. Goethe says regarding this: —

'Good Night,' which I enclose and which is not to be printed until the marriage, will show you that we consider the marriage so near that we are exercising our pen with it.

However, when on May 7, 1770, Käthchen Schönkopf married Dr. Hanne, Goethe's 'Carmen' did not grace the festal board. In those gallant days, people tolerated all sorts of things at weddings, even a little coarseness; but the teasing banter of her former suitor could scarcely gratify the bride, to say nothing of the happy bridegroom. Goethe's marriage poem closes thus: —

Zwar mit Freuden und mit Scherzen
In zwei kopulirten Herzen,
Ist's wie mit den Hochzeitkerzen.
Glenzend leuchten sie im Saal
Und verherrlichen das Mahl,
Aber, so nach zehen Uhr
Bleiben kleine Stumpfgen nur;
Damit leuchte dir zu Bette!
Gute Nacht! Schlaf wohl, Annette!

'Tis true that joy and jest shine bright in
Loving hearts when thus uniting,
Like the wedding candles lighting
Brilliantly the festal hall
And shedding radiance on all.
But after the clock strikes ten
Only smoking stubs remain.
Therefore, ere their bright flame dims,
Good night, Annette! Pleasant dreams!

HIGH FINANCE IN THE TIME OF CÆSAR

BY GEORG BRANDES

[*No chapter in Georg Brandes's* Cajus Julius Cæsar, *as yet available only in its original Danish, is of more timely interest to readers of to-day than the one in which the noted critic discusses the financiers who ruled the destiny of Rome and her vast domain. It is here rendered into English for the first time.*]

DURING the last two centuries of the Republic, its wealth exerted an increasing influence on Roman legislation and private and public affairs. In all that had to do with politics, the financiers occupied places of greater and greater importance. Innumerable powerful companies were organized to carry on the business of the State, and these not only rivaled in importance the political corporations, but sometimes overshadowed them. And while the members of these companies held no public office they were called *maximi, ornatissimi, amplissimi, primi ordinis* (excellent, highly honored, of high standing, of first rank).

These companies were engaged in

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every field of enterprise, but especially in government contracting. They had two classes of members, *socii*, whose names were identified with some particular concern, and the *participes*, or *affines conductionis;* that is, stockholders, whose shares were bought and sold in the open market.

Most of the larger companies had their central offices in Rome. Though independent of each other, since each had its own circle of speculators and its own enterprises, they in time became a class within the State which absorbed the nobility, controlled the Senate, dictated to the judiciary, and corruptly manipulated the electorate. From this time dated the bad laws, purchased with money, which made crime safe against punishment.

In Rome these companies transacted business in a public market, or exchange, through brokers and daring speculators who sometimes made or lost fortunes on a single gamble. They had in their service couriers who constantly kept them informed as to business conditions throughout the then civilized world. Proconsuls and generals frequently made use of these couriers.

The money-changers, the bankers of that time, were in close touch with the business men and the financiers and heads of the tax-farming corporations. They were called *Græculi* or *Græci*, in no flattering sense, as to-day *Grec* in French may be a disparaging epithet. However, they came not only from Greece, but also from many other countries. They were wont to foregather along the quays of the Tiber. They never became a state within the State, like the big corporations of publicans and government contractors, but remained private speculators. The Republic reserved the exclusive right to charter companies. There existed no freedom of association.

We can follow these people in their offices, see them carry on bookkeeping, witness their failures. Among them are to be found many freedmen and even slaves. In Roman satire as well as in Roman comedy they are often the butt of ridicule. They are treated somewhat the way Molière treats the doctors and Holberg the pedants. And yet they enjoyed the prestige that wealth usually bestows.

Cicero often mentions stocks, *partes*. The money system gives us new insight into the psychology of the Roman masses, whose language is taught us by the philologists, whose politics historians explain, and whose emotions the poets aim to reproduce. There should be no illusion about Roman virtue. Money was all-powerful in Rome, usury was a fundamental passion. Consider what men of the greatest reputation for probity and for virtue permitted themselves: the elder Cato loaned his money at extortionate rates to innumerable debtors; Brutus lent money at forty-eight per cent and made five Senators starve to death when they could not repay him; Pompeius used his army and his authority to force harsh bargaining upon cities that were obliged to borrow money of him, and used that power to collect these loans and the millions of interest he exacted. Even private soldiers practised usury in the conquered lands with the money with which they had filled their belts, while tax-farmers made themselves masters wherever they found the opportunity.

It is agreed among modern historians that during the two hundred and fifty years that had elapsed between the first Punic War and Cæsar, Rome hardly made a single conquest where the real motive was not trade and finance and gain.

Whereas in earlier times the aristocracy of birth and the aristocracy of

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money were the same, the day came when the fight for power rested between the nobility on the one side and the men of money on the other. This was the cause for the State's losing its old authority, its moral strength, its national tradition and its freedom. First to go down in this conflict was the aristocracy of birth, its place being taken by the *nobilitas*, the official aristocracy that attached itself to the Senate. But while issuing originally from the people itself, this nobility despised the common crowd and courted the rich speculators and the publicans.

Cicero, whose speeches and letters mirror the political life of his time, dwells often and with deep respect on those speculators, financiers, and publicans whom he seems to have had ever before his mind. He said of Rabirius, who with Gabinius had been accused of bargaining for the throne of Ptolemy: 'He lent money to the nations.' The only claim Rabirius had to greatness was that he was the son of a rich and powerful publican, and that he was a wealthy stockholder in a big tax-farming company. He was generous to his friends, however, entrusted them with certain tasks, and presented them with stocks, as might a Rothschild in the nineteenth century, a Morgan in the twentieth.

Much of the wealth that proconsuls and generals took to themselves as a result of pillage in the provinces was used for the purpose of buying votes on the Forum. These votes had an actual value, the prices even being posted in special shops near the Forum. This was against the law, of course, but that did not matter. There were times when the soldiers would promise their generals triumphs for so much money. The provinces were plundered so that *comitia* might be purchased. Again, the *comitia* were bought to enable the buyers to pillage the provinces at will.

In case candidates for office were not rich themselves, they borrowed, and it was easy enough for them to obtain money if their political prospects were promising. After the conquest of Greece and Asia gold flowed into Rome in an endless stream. But it came all too suddenly. Duruy had said: 'Gold is like the rising waters of a river. When the innundation is sudden, it destroys. But when divided into a thousand canals, through which the water can flow slowly, it fructifies and generates.' Gold ruined the morals of Rome.

When the financiers, the *publicani*, spread themselves throughout the provinces after the Second Punic War, the Roman State as yet was neither rich nor powerful. The desire for gain made them employ the most villainous means to gain their end. Livius relates how Posthumius and Pomponius Veientanus obtained the contract for army and navy supplies and transports. They got the State to assume all the risks on the water. As a result they made use of 'floating coffins' in this service. They would load the ships with cargoes of little value, have them sent to the bottom of the sea, and then claim restitution at figures far beyond the intrinsic worth. In spite of the fact that they were exposed publicly, the Senate feared to prosecute the guilty on account of the other publicans whose fury they dreaded.

The plebeian tribunes were more courageous. They accused Posthumius before the *comitia* and demanded that he be fined 200,000 *asses*. The publicans gathered in force and by their violent conduct at the hearing managed to have sentence postponed. Continuing their agitation the tribunes finally had Posthumius sent into exile.

But the power of the publicans increased with their wealth. The time came when we see them not only as strong within their own domain but

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sitting in judgment where the rights of others are concerned. They remained the State's real master until the military leaders deprived them of their power. One general, the biggest of them all, was mainly responsible for clipping their wings. After Cæsar's time their power declined.

That the destruction of Carthage was due to financiers and their allied interests is beyond doubt. The same interests sent Rome against Greece for the purpose of annihilating the commercial supremacy of Hellas' commercial cities. The blotting out of Corinth and of Carthage weigh heavily against Rome in history. The trade of Italy spurred Cæsar to cross the Alps. He reckoned not only with natural obstacles, but considered in advance the customs regulations along the borders. In the fall of 57 B. C. he sent Servius Galba into the lands of the Natuati, Veragri, and Seduni with the twelfth legion and a company of cavalry. We read in *De bello Gallico III* that 'with this advance guard he aimed at opening the Alpine passes over which the merchants heretofore could travel only while exposed to great danger, and by paying heavy duties.'

Cicero's speeches against Verres show what kind of life the publicans led who collected taxes in Sicily, one of Rome's foremost provinces. During the three years that Verres governed there as prætor, he committed almost every conceivable crime. The personification of greed, he thirsted insatiably for gold and power. It was the bankers of Syracuse who finally accused him of his most infamous deeds. They proved that these crimes were committed with the publicans as his accomplices. He had cheated in the purchase of grain, and with respect to the customs. He cheated when auctioning off the corn tax to the publicans. No one was allowed to make a bid unless he had made a private agreement to divide the profit with Verres. Even when the publicans themselves found it necessary to complain of him, they later thought it advisable to erase every trace of his crimes by managing to have the incriminating documents disappear from the archives of the companies.

Early in his career Cæsar found the publicans crossing his path. He began by combating them openly, but a power like the financiers' could not be cut down by one blow. He did not wish to make them his sworn enemies while he rose to the highest rank, and he therefore disarmed them by placing them under obligation to him, going so far as having contracts, unfavorable to them, modified. But he never for a single moment lost sight of them.

The publicans, on their part, despite the service rendered them by Cæsar, never felt quite safe with him, this man in whose hands all threads seemed to gather. They reasoned intelligently enough that he was their real master, and that he would defy them to serve his own interests or the State's. For this cause they joined with Cæsar's enemies against his troops in the Civil War.

Cæsar never forgot that he owed the Roman State order and justice. He employed time-saving expedients, attached himself for a long time to the popular party, worked for a shorter period with the nobles, and almost always coöperated with the army. At the zenith of his power he had to exercise prudence, fuse opposing parties into a concrete whole, seek strength in the general gratitude that might come to him by virtue of a capable and vigilant rule. As ruler he therefore began by turning the Roman nobility from a politically dominant group of financiers into an instrument of his own, and started the process by which it was gradually converted into a mere ornament for the oncoming monarchy.

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In studying the financial conditions of Cæsar's time, it is Cicero's personality, his career as a citizen of Rome, that affords the greatest insight. He is the only Roman who has left behind nearly a thousand letters, besides an immense number of speeches and other documents. As he successively occupied himself as a lawyer, politician, Senator, Consul, Proconsul, and General in Cilicia, he accumulated much wealth; but he was more deeply interested in gratifying his political ambition and his artistic taste.

Cicero enriched himself in three ways. He was in trade; he was an indefatigable worker at his profession as advocate; and finally he speculated in finances, the farming out of taxes and customs receipts, as well as the State enterprises in which he was interested. All this business occurred in the Forum. Here Cicero met every day the rich directors of the big stock companies, their shareholders and clients. From this centre, close to the Temple of Janus, radiated intercourse with the whole then known world. Everything considered, neither the New York or London stock exchanges, nor the bourses of Paris and Hamburg, are to be compared with Rome's money-market, since neither of the others at any time has been alone in dictating financial terms to the whole civilized world.

TIGER LEGENDS OF INDO-CHINA

BY FRANÇOIS DE TESSAN

[M. de Tessan, who is on the staff of Le Petit Journal, *of Paris, contributes frequent articles to* L'Opinion *on various subjects. He is especially familiar with Indo-China, which he recently described for the readers of* L'Illustration, *and is the author of 'An Elephant Hunt in Southern Anam,' which appeared in our issue of November* 11.]

From *L'Opinion, October* 20
(Paris Nationalist Literary Weekly)

The tiger! The Anamites never speak of him but with fear and respect, even when they know they are safely sheltered. They call him 'King of the Mountain,' 'Lord of the Forest,' 'His Eminence.' No terms are too flattering to be used in placating the terrible feline. Dwellers in the provinces of Southern Anam — especially those of Thuathien — hesitate to pronounce the word *cop* (tiger) when they are going into the mountains, for fear of rousing the animal's wrath. They refer to him by cautious and roundabout expressions, or else they call him simply 'My Lord' (*Ngaï*).

But fortunately the tiger does not inspire fear in human beings only, for he is equally terrifying to the Ma-Qui, the evil spirits, the demons, and the other ferocious beasts of the forest. That is why the natives draw tigers on the walls of the temples, on the pagodas, private houses, masonry partitions, even on the cradles of their children. The tiger cult is still more

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widely spread in the military schools, for he is regarded as the inventor of strategy (*nghe-ve*), and officers who distinguish themselves by courage are called 'tiger officers' (*Ho-tuong*).

As a general thing, the tiger does not attack man — at least not unless himself attacked and wounded. Man-eating tigers do, nevertheless, exist, and it is easy enough to explain why they select man as their prey. It is a matter of necessity. When the tigers get old and lose half their strength, and when hunting in the forest no longer suffices to feed them, they go in quest of other quarry. They come in close to the villages and begin by picking up pigs, young buffaloes, and sooner or later they attack the first native who crosses their path. Once they have learned that man — whom they have hitherto respected for his strength — is but a poorly armed creature after all, they keep on looking for new victims. Terror spreads among the villages. In the end the man-eaters move about with so much boldness that sometimes the *caïnhas* are abandoned by their inhabitants, who simply flee, leaving goods and property behind them.

When some unfortunate has been devoured by the king of the jungle, his family hasten to change their name to avoid further disasters, and to track down the tiger. The natives say that when a wild animal has eaten a man, he tears a little notch in his ear. So many notches, so many victims. When you bag a tiger, all you have to do is look at his ear in order to know the exact number of natives he has slain. There are others who insist that if the tiger does make a notch in his ear, it is only to remind him that he has not been able to devour his prey completely and must return to finish the body. It is said that the tiger can hear anything said about him at a distance of a thousand leagues. He takes vengeance for all the insults that he overhears, but if something happens to fall near him while he is listening, he forgets all he has heard. Another popular superstition has it that a tiger which has eaten a hundred people is capable of transforming itself into man or woman, and of using human speech.

In some villages the people have a mysterious power of surrounding the tiger, among them the natives of Vong-Thanh, who use for this purpose the branches of certain trees, which they scatter around the place where he has taken refuge. The tiger then does not dare to move and sees that he must give up. In the province of Ngho-An, the hunters keep the animal in place by spells and tear away the underbrush until they hold him, dead or alive, at their mercy. Anamite sorcerers know how to pronounce spells to keep the tiger at a distance or to quiet his anger. The woodcutters also have spells to keep from being eaten up. When they go into the forest, they send out orders to the 'lord' so that they can work in safety. The best way, however, is to wear little amulets to preserve yourself from danger. One consists of a little bone with two projections found in the tiger's shoulder, which the dwellers in the higher valleys hang round their necks with a string.

On the edge of the mountainous region, before you get into the Anamite chain, you see many little altars, very simple in construction, no more than little niches, in which sticks of incense are burning. They are put there to render the geniuses of the forest favorable, and also to win the favor of the tiger. Not a traveler who passes fails to leave something at these little shrines — be it nothing more than a banana.

When Europeans hunt the tiger and kill him, you should see the scenes that follow and the joy of the natives as

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they dispute over what is left of him! The whiskers, the teeth, and the claws are very much sought after. Ground into fine dust and dissolved in water, the whiskers make a violent poison, which you can feed to your enemies, who thereupon will inevitably vanish from this mortal scene. The Anamites, at least, hold that this is an infallible means of getting rid of them. As for the teeth and claws, they are used as good-luck charms, watch charms, or necklaces, and the teeth are still used to cure dog bites. They are filed down, and when the powder thus secured is dissolved in water, it is an infallible remedy. We may note one more remarkable belief. If you make a cigarette holder out of the canine tooth of a tiger that has eaten a man, you can see the image of the victim, its completeness depending upon the degree to which the smoke has colored the tooth.

Last of all, there are the nerves, which the natives carefully clean and macerate in alcohol. The resulting brew is an elixir of long life. If you eat tiger's liver or tiger's heart, your courage in battle will know no bounds. Among the Moïs, after a tiger has been cooked, its skull and lower jaw are broken and the pieces buried separately, to keep the Lord of the Jungle's ghost from bringing disturbance and disaster upon the inhabitants of the village.

There are a great many proverbs, sayings, and maxims that relate to the tiger. He fills the thoughts of the Anamites, rousing their admiration, fear, and anger in turn. They say, 'to fear a man like a tiger,' 'to raise a tiger is to invite disaster,' 'to leap like a tiger,' or 'to have wings like a tiger,' for they credit the tiger with imaginary wings to account for his lightning attacks. Another proverb says that 'A dead tiger leaves his skin behind, while a dead man leaves his reputation.' The curiosity that the tiger arouses may be guessed from this proverb: 'The crowd is always thickest at the triennial assembly and around a captive tiger.' When a flock of ravens rise croaking from a corner of the forest, it shows that a tiger has his lair in the vicinity, for in the animal's absence the ravens come to feast upon his leavings. Hence the proverb: 'The hoot of the owl shows the presence of the devil, the croak of the raven that of the tiger.'

Stories in which the tiger is hero are no less common, and indeed he is associated with events of national importance. The story goes that five hundred years ago there lived near the Hoan-Chan — called to-day the Nghe-An or the Vinh — a poor *nha-que* (peasant) who found a young tiger in a thicket, took it home with him, and carefully reared it. He used to take it fishing with him and trained the animal to watch the weirs that he placed in favorable places in the river. But after a while the fish grew scarcer, and the *nha-que* suspected that his guard was allowing marauders to visit the weirs or was not doing his nightly duty with the necessary vigilance. One fine evening he crept out to catch the tiger in his negligence, but as he drew near the place he received a terrible blow from his paw. The tiger, thinking he was catching a thief, had leaped upon his own master. In vain the animal endeavored to bring him back to life, and so the unfortunate fish-guard took the man on his back, carried him to the edge of a wood, and there piously buried him. The people of the household, seeing that neither the man nor the tiger came back, searched the banks of the river, found the blood and the paw marks, and understood what had happened. They found the body of the *nha-que* and exhumed it with proper ceremony, but

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a day later when they returned to the new grave, there was nothing but an empty ditch, and the body of the fisherman had disappeared. Further search showed that it had been taken by the faithful tiger and buried again at the edge of the wood. Then they understood that some mysterious cause was at work, and yielded to the desires of the animal, which never afterwards failed to render funeral honors to his old master.

Now, the descendants of the *nha-que* multiplied and prospered to a degree unknown before that. One of the members of this family was the famous Cang-Quoc-Cong, who so gloriously assisted the great Le-Loi, founder of the Lo dynasty, who freed the realm from the Chinese. Cang-Quoc-Cong had among his own descendants seventeen illustrious men, of whom the last, Nguyen-dinh-Dac, followed Quia-Long to Bangkok and became his lieutenant general. The geomancers explained the good fortune of the Cang-Quoc-Cong family by saying that the tiger, to atone for the wrong he had done in slaying their ancestor, the poor *nha-que*, had buried his benefactor on the very vein of the Dragon himself. The tomb which the tiger dug and prepared still stands on the Cua-ho road, not far from the Quan-Hanh station.

Another legend relative to the tiger's generosity comes from the region of Lang-son. In this province there dwelt a tiger which, after eating up a good many men, became a phantom — *con tinh* — and could become a man or resume his tigrish appearance at will. He had a certain number of victims marked down and among these prospective dinners was a certain Diouvan-Khaï of the village of Loc-Binh. The tiger took his stand outside Khaï's house, waiting for him to come out, but while he was mounting guard there a delicious odor set his nostrils tingling. It was opium smoke. 'My Lord' liked it so well that he came back every evening to the same place to enjoy it, and through undergoing this delight repeatedly, became intoxicated. Khaï, who had perceived it, and seeing that he was under the spell of opium, politely invited him one day to come and smoke with him on the camp bed, and the tiger and the smoker became friends; but as such a friendly act ought to be reciprocated, the animal set off into the forest and brought back several pieces of game to his companion.

In the course of a later visit, however, the tiger bluntly said to Khaï, 'Of course, I'm very fond of you, but to my great regret, the day is drawing near when I shall have to eat you' — and he read off a list on which appeared the name of Khaï with the fatal date set down opposite. Khaï, much dismayed, asked in terror, 'Is n't there any chance for me?'

'Yes,' said the tiger, 'we might be able to fix things up. Give me a lock of your hair and a drop of your blood. On the fatal day I shall eat your hair and strike your name off the list with your own blood, just as if you had been properly devoured in the normal manner.'

By this stratagem Khaï escaped the death that the Heavenly Emperor wished him to meet with from the tiger, and so — thanks to the tiger's friendship — he had several years of leisure for the sage enjoyment of numerous pipes of opium.

There is another story about a tiger that was making ready to devour a cow, but the cow begged him to allow her to go just once more to suckle her calf. The calf, learning that he saw his mother for the last time, since she was to become the tiger's victim, ran to the Master of the Jungle. 'My mother is getting old,' said he, 'and I regret to say her meat is already a bit tough; but here I am — young, tender, appe-

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tizing. Take me, Mr. Tiger, and let my mother live.' The mother, however, insisted that she should be the victim, and before the assault of this maternal and filial love, the tiger was so moved that he sent them both away without doing any harm to either of them.

Not always, however, do the stories show the tiger in such a favorable light. Sometimes the Anamites ridicule his stupidity, as, for example, in the story where the tiger is caught by a peasant, who, to give him a lesson, burns straw under his belly. Ever since that time, it would appear, the tigers have been striped with black. And to conclude, here is a résumé of the story in which the cunning of the fox and the credulity of the tiger are contrasted.

A fox, happening to meet a tiger, thought his last hour had come, but luckily for himself, he had the presence of mind to address the Lord of the Jungle in the following terms: 'Please don't start to eat me, because I am sent from Heaven to administer the jungle and govern all the animals. If you don't believe it, I can give you proof. Let me ride on your neck, and see whether I don't spread terror wherever I go.' The tiger was willing to try the experiment. The fox got up on his neck and they started into the forest. Of course there was a terrified flight on the part of all the dwellers there who had wings or feet, as soon as the Lord Tiger showed himself.

'Well,' said the fox, 'didn't I tell you everybody was afraid of me?'

The naïf Lord of the Jungle agreed that was so, and the fox congratulated himself ever after on such a good stroke.

These are only a few of the stories that I have gathered among the natives. There is many another — the subject is inexhaustible, for the tiger is the one animal that grips the imagination of the Anamites.

'RUIN': A WORD AND A HISTORY

BY OWEN BARFIELD

From the *London Mercury, December*
(LITERARY MONTHLY)

'*Les mots ont une âme*,' said Maupassant. '*La plupart des lecteurs, et même des écrivains, ne leur demandent qu'un sens. Il faut trouver cette âme qui apparait au contact d'autres mots. . . .*'

'*Il faut trouver cette âme.*'

Schoolboys are taught to translate the Latin verb *ruo* by one of two words, 'rush' or 'fall.' It does in a sense mean both these things; yet to the imagination neither rendering alone is an adequate equivalent. There is, indeed, no equivalent, and it is only possible, from some familiarity with native contexts, to *feel* the word's full significance. Nearly always it carries a large sense of swift, disastrous movement — *ruit arduus æther* of a deluge of rain, and again, *Fiat Justitia, ruat coelum.* The Greek ῥέω, 'to flow,' and cognate words in other European languages, suggest that the old rumbling, guttural 'r,' which modern palates have so thinned and refined, may have been mouthed for

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the first time in inarticulate mimicry of something swiftly and noisily rushing — a waterfall, perhaps, or a tumbling tree. When the forces of Nature are still untamed and strange, a rushing noise is often the prelude to disaster; the swiftest motion is a downward motion; things are always falling. Hence it is not surprising that the stem from which the Latin language made *ruo* should have come to convey a special and very lively notion of collapse. When the substantive *ruina* came to be formed, it contained this part only of the original notion of the verb; moreover, it could mean the thing fallen as well as the falling itself. But in Latin the four letters r-u-i-n never lost the power to suggest movement. They may have a concrete meaning; to some readers this may be all: '*La plupart des lecteurs, et même des écrivains, ne leur demandent qu'un sens.*' But in point of fact the word has a soul, too, and its soul is in motion.

> *Si fractus illabatur orbis,*
> *Impavidum ferient ruinae,*

says Horace; the world is still falling when the stanza ends.

Before 1375 the word 'ruin' (with the meaning, 'a falling') has come, via France, to England. Chaucer, drawing new word after word crisp, like cakes, and warm from the French oven, had scarcely time, had certainly no need, to *feel* language slowly and evoke his poetry from the depths of individual words. Saturn, in the *Knight's Tale*, boasting of his powers, proclaims to Venus: —

> Myn is the ruine of the high halles,
> The falling of the toures and of the walles.

Here is the word in poetic use, mobile and vigorous enough, but without subtlety, because in English it has as yet no concrete associations to give it weight and deepen its private significance. It is simply a useful Latin word. So, too, we may notice that Gower, about the same time, is employing the word almost in its exact classical sense: —

> The wal and al the cit withinne
> Stant in ruine and in decas,

where we should now say 'stand in ruins,' and think at once, not of a process or a state (which is Gower's meaning) but of the actual fragments of masonry. Fourteen hundred and fifty-four is the date of the first recorded instance of plural use with a definitely concrete meaning — 'ruins' — and it is probable that by Spenser's time the meaning was quickly spreading over that special area which it was to cover during the eighteenth century. He writes, it is true,

> The late ruin of proud Marinell,

meaning Marinell's disastrous defeat in battle, and uses the word twenty-one times in this older sense; but he also uses the concrete plural thirteen times, and speaks of

> The old ruines of a broken towre.

These two lines alone are enough to show that already, before the end of the sixteenth century, the word, with its double set of associations, was ancient enough to have a soul; but no one had found it. Spenser did not find it. It was not likely that he should; for Spenser's use of words is peculiarly his own. He does not breathe fresh life into their nostrils, nor evoke that mysterious life which is already in them. He chooses them instead so much by their sound and their initial letter, that they begin to hunt in couples and to acquire a special meaning in his poetry, which they could not retain in isolation. 'Poetic diction' is not merely a revival of obsolete words and a creating of new ones, and Spenser, though he did this, did very much more. He made all English into a language of his own, half

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creating in his poesy another Spenserian world, which never quite touches the real one in which we move. Blood is hot and red, but the 'gore' shed by Spenser's knights is cold gules. He wove words with great beauty into a tapestry expressive of his rare sweet personality, but he impressed no part of that personality with permanence upon any individual word. He gave nothing to language.

Spenser did invent 'blatant,' which is still very much with us. But it is noticeable that as soon as it began to be used separately (apart from his original phrase, 'the Blatant Beast' — a symbol for Calumny), it began to acquire the subtly personal meaning which it now has, and which is altogether foreign to Spenser's diction. Thus, even this word, as it is now alive, was really *made* by subsequent writers.

But by this time the English language had suddenly begun to ferment and bubble furiously in a brain in a Stratford cottage. The proof is in the sheer verbal exuberance of *Love's Labor's Lost*. Many and many of its words were to suffer a sea-change before the century was out, however slowly that change might be apparent. In some cases the new energy in them was not to be released until the nineteenth century — even later. But the energy was there. There is a new English Dictionary hidden between the pages — or is it between the lines? — of the First Folio. Shakespeare stands supreme over the other poets of the world by the one great quality of life; and this he gave to words, as he gave it to Falstaff and Sir Andrew Aguecheek. Not only did he make more new words than any other English writer — he made new meanings. We are concerned only with the word 'ruin'; let us listen, then, to Salisbury's words, when he is confronted with Arthur's body lying huddled on the stones, where the fall has killed him:

> It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand,
> The practice and the purpose of the King;
> From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
> Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life . . .

'*Les mots ont une âme. . . .*' No synonym would do here; the phrase

> Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life

is one — a tiny work of art. In Spenser's line

> The late ruin of proud Marinell

you could substitute 'fall' or 'disaster' if the syllables would scan. But Shakespeare has felt the exact, whole significance of his word. The dead boy has *fallen* from the walls; the sweet life, which was in him too, has crumbled away; but wait — by Shakespeare's time the word was beginning to acquire its other meaning of the actual remains — and there is the shattered body lying on the ground! He has, indeed, found a soul in the word.

It seems to have been one which appealed dearly to his imagination, for we find the transitive verb in one of the loveliest lines from the sonnets: —

> That time of year thou may'st in me behold
> When yellow leaves, or none, or few do hang
> Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
> Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.

But it was in *Antony and Cleopatra*, near the end of his work, that he made the boldest stroke of all, writing quietly but magnificently:

> The noble ruin of her magic, Antony.

There is a new word. Yet Shakespeare had not done it all with his own hands. The transitive verb 'to ruin' had been invented already, by 1585, before he started to write, and, without the new habit of thought which this use of them was forming in himself and his hearers, he could not have used the four letters

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passively with such effect. For a poet must take his words as he finds them, and his readers must not realize that fresh meaning is being created. Otherwise the poetry of the whole passage is killed, and the fresh meaning itself will be still-born.

The word 'ruin,' then, has grown with Shakespeare's help into a warm and living thing, a rich piece of imaginative material ready at hand for anyone who has the skill to evoke its power. Now, early in the seventeenth century it had been used for the first time as an intransitive verb, taking the place once and for all of an older verb, to 'rue,' which had the same meaning, but never (since it had not been used by the poets) the same suggestive power. Grimstone, in a *History of the Siege of Ostend* (1604), writes: 'They suffered it to burn and ruin'; while Sandys, in a verse, paraphrase (!) of Job, has:

> Though he his House of polisht marble build,
> Yet shall it ruine like the Moth's fraile cell.

It was natural that Milton, with his bookish sense of the philological history of his words, should come forward to perpetuate this use. To the noun 'ruin' he added nothing; what he did was to help 'fix' its Latinity by never once using the modern concrete significance. So that when Satan

> Yet shone, majestic though in ruin,

he exerted only a negative, if deepening, influence on the history of the word. It is the terrific phrase:

> Hell heard the insufferable noise, Hell saw
> Heaven ruining from Heaven

which is important. For it is preserving that old suggestion of a large and disastrous movement, which Wordsworth, Milton's devout disciple, has finally recovered for us into the language.

But there is all the eighteenth century in between; and during that century 'ruin,' like most words other than domestic and civic and scientific terms, seems to have possessed a greatly diminished power of suggestion. These latter words, of course, grew. Pope, for instance, found out a soul in the word 'engine' when he used it in the *Rape of the Lock* of a pair of scissors:

> He takes the gift with reverence, and extends
> The little engine on his fingers' ends.

But the others — especially those descriptive of Nature — must have felt uncomfortably stifled, though they actually lost, thanks to the printing-press, not a drop of their laboriously acquired vitalities. In the long run they necessarily gained something in character, as any word must do by mere lapse of time, provided that it has not fallen into desuetude, just as any kind of experience — age itself — must enrich human personality and deepen character a little. Dryden has written:

> So Helen wept, when her too faithful glass
> Reflected to her eyes the ruins of her face.

Note that he uses the plural, thereby emphasizing the concrete aspect of the word. I believe that to Dryden's own imagination the phrase was almost a metaphor comparing Helen's face to the picturesque remains of a mediæval abbey.

But after that, until the coming of Wordsworth, it is all tumbledown walls and mossy masonry. We can just imagine how present and concrete an idea must have been imprinted by the word 'ruins' on an eighteenth-century imagination, and how faintly its original force must have survived, when we recollect that it was not unknown for an eighteenth-century gentleman to erect an irregular building in his grounds, train moss to grow upon it, and dub it by that austere name!

There is one suggestion concerning the history of poetic diction which is worth making but hardly worth pursuing. It arises naturally here. The first

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time 'ruin' was used alone with a blunt, concrete meaning that use of it was original and poetic. The first man who looked at the ruin of a wall and called it a 'ruin' had the true poetic sense of the value of omission. Poetic it is, indeed, for without omission there is no suggestion, and so no dream. It was the same process which gave to 'bode' its dark, prophetic significance.

But it is a commonplace that the making of language is analogous to the making of poetry. Thus the appreciation of contemporaries must always differ from the appreciation of posterity. Alert minds will feel a freshness and a life in the language of the greatest contemporary poet, which only a profound combination of scholarship and imagination can recover for them out of the works of antiquity, and which their own posterity will never experience in full from the works of that very poet. Just as Shakespeare's beautiful line,

> Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,

must have startled ears which could hear even more in Elizabethan times than it does to-day, because it was new, so, too, in the eighteenth century there must have been a romance and a flavor still clinging to their own favorite use of the word — a romance not quite so false and a flavor not quite so insipid as we must think, whose only understanding of those different minds is derived from language, which has also changed.

There is no need to quote from the foremost poet of the eighteenth century. He made no uncommon use of the word, nor added much to its power. Nor did anyone else. Nevertheless, the word means more than it did before the flowered waistcoats and powdered wigs had come and gone. It is irradiated forever with some of the massive quiet of deserted Gothic masonry; no matter how many times it has been carelessly handled for the purposes of false and facile romanticism, the old romance will always be ready to flash out to a touch of true imagination.

So time passed. Young, it is true, had felt the quality of the word, and there may be other isolated examples. In the second book of the *Night Thoughts* the father is describing the appearance of his dead daughter lying stretched upon her bed:

> Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay.

It is a definite echo, I think, of the line from *King John* — a dying echo — and with Gray the soul of the word finally runs to seed in the dullness of actual personification:

> Ruin seize thee, ruthless King!

Then came Wordsworth, who immediately, in one of his earliest poems, *The Descriptive Sketches*, got a move, as it were, on the word and dislodged it from its sentimental repose. He used it of an avalanche:

> From age to age throughout his lonely bounds
> The crash of ruin fitfully resounds.

And the verb of a waterfall:

> Ruining from the cliffs the deafening load
> Tumbles.

We are back again now with Milton. He has gone to the other extreme, and both these uses are a little too near to the word's simplest technical significance, are not new enough to be very, very striking; yet doubtless at the time they were written they had the power to startle minds like Coleridge's, and to set them dreaming new dreams. They are a clear enough sign of that general quickening of perception which we know as the Romantic Revival. Hundreds of dead words might be resuscitated by men like Bishop Percy and Sir Walter Scott; it was the task of more vital spirits to awaken those which were only sleeping.

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It is doubtful whether Tennyson or Browning have added much — or perhaps it is too early to say. On the whole, Tennyson's tendency is to abstract the word from reality and semi-personify it:

> When the crimson rolling eye
> Glares ruin!

And again:

> The Sea roars Ruin. A fearful night!

Note the capital letter. We may think we can detect in this tendency the workings of a mind somewhat a prey to hazy and not very potent generalizations, but we knew that before. What is really interesting is the question whether that mind has left any permanent record of itself in altered character of the word under discussion. It is quite possible.

Here, then, is the word 'ruin' — a piece of many lost minds — waiting, like all the other words in the dictionary, to be kindled into life by a living one; and nothing more is necessary than to surround it with other words (the right ones) from the same museum. What is contemporary poetry doing with it? Without concordances — those academic volumes, of which there are all too few — investigation is impossible. There is one line, however, written by a modern poet, which must be quoted. Some time ago, when I had finished reading a volume of poems by Mr. E. L. Davison, two passages remained to haunt me. Both of them contained the word 'ruin,' and it was this coincidence which first interested me in its poetic history. The first is not significant, except as indicating that the word tends to rise to the surface of this poet's memory, when it is disturbed by images of beauty. It is from 'The Sunken City':

> . . . the climbing tentacles
> Of some sleep-swimming octopus
> Disturb a ruined temple's bells
> And set the deep sea clamorous.

The very choice of subject suggests that his imagination is one which understands the beauty of ruin. So we find. Take these two lines from a love-sonnet in the same volume:

> I stood before thee, calling twice or thrice
> The ruin of thy soft, bewildering name.

The whole sonnet is not, as I think, a very good one, but in poetry, as in all forms of literature, there is always, moreover, this loveliness of the individual line, of the sentence which haunts and startles and waylays, building and beautifying the language, making new mind. This line seems to be a sort of summing up of all previous poetic uses of the word, and then a step beyond them. Read it: 'ruin' showers noiselessly over it in a dream-waterfall of forgotten pangs.

There is much accumulated wealth in a civilization as old as this European one, wealth of experience stored in its books and museums, wealth of imagination in its languages themselves. We have taken only one English word, and one no richer in itself than a thousand others. The modern human, overburdened with consciousness, sucked further and further into his own dreams, has such compensations — ancestral words embalming the souls of many poets dead and gone and the souls of many common men. If he be a poet at all, he may rise for a moment on Shakespeare's shoulders — if he be a lover, then there are no philtres, but he has his four magical black squiggles, wherein the past is bottled, like an Arabian Genie, in the dark. Let him only find the secret, and there, lying on the page, their printed silence will be green with moss; it will crumble slowly even while it whispers with the thunder of primeval avalanches.

'*Le mot*,' murmurs Victor Hugo '. . . *tantôt comme un passant mystérieux de l'âme, tantôt comme un polype noir de l'océan pensée*.' . . . The world is not

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young, and the burden of the coils of memory hangs heavier and heavier on the race. Always the individual spirit increases, according to its knowledge, its dreadful consciousness of solitude. Language has done this; but language, which was born in order to permit social relationships between men, is striving still towards that end and consolation. As it grows subtler and subtler, burying in its vaults more and more associations, more and more mind, it becomes to those same spirits a more and more perfect medium of companionship.

'In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.'

THE QUIET LIGHT

BY P. YARTSEV

From *Russkaia Mysl, May*
(Russian Liberal-Conservative Political and Literary Monthly)

The essence of the French school of dramatic art consists in the actor's creating the part previous to his appearance on the stage, and then showing this creation to the public on the night of the performance. This creative process requires all the emotion, insight, fancy, and reasoning power of which the actor is capable. As soon as he appears upon the stage with his creation, he must be entirely self-possessed, attentive, and cold. He has already gone through all the feelings that the part implies; now he must show them to the public. The French school achieved a high degree of perfection in this art of exhibition. A gesture which instinctively came to him when he studied the part, together with a certain intonation, would be repeated on the stage whether or not the same intonation is found again, because the actor expressly remembered the gesture, as he did every other gesture, as he did every other detail of his creation. When he was working over his part, his eyes expressed what he felt even in a scene where it would be impossible for the audience to see his eyes. Now, during the performance, he is able to reproduce exactly the posture he worked out for that scene without reproducing the feelings; but his eyes, if the audience does not see them, express nothing. The actor of the French school does not love, or suffer, or rejoice, on the stage; he *shows* to the public how a man can love, or suffer, or rejoice. That is why Sarah Bernhardt, in *La Dame aux Camélias*, looks with infinite tenderness not at Armand, but at the audience.

An audience watching a good actor of this school receives an impression that he plays with great ease and in a perfectly natural way, but this ease is the ease of the rope-walker or of the juggler who is throwing and catching daggers in the air. The actor who seems to play with such great ease experiences an overwhelming physical fatigue after his performance. This fatigue is not caused by experiencing genuine feelings on the stage, as the

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French technique strictly excludes genuine feeling during the performance; it is, on the contrary, the result of an enormous effort to check all feeling, never to allow himself to be carried away for a moment and lose sight of a previously studied detail.

Accordingly, if an actor allows his inspiration to get the best of him and make him forget about his technique, his performance is poor. The emotion which such an 'inspired' actor experiences on the stage is not a creative impulse; he does not 'live on the stage,' as the critics are sometimes fond of expressing it. He may be so carried away that he will wound his rival with the wooden dagger or dislocate the arm of his unfaithful sweetheart while throwing her on her knees; but, as is not the case in real life, he will be unable later to tell the color of her hair, he will never have noticed the expression of her eyes or the way she was dressed.

Sometimes such playing makes the audience wild with enthusiasm — but the people may burst out laughing just as easily when they are supposed to shudder with the tragedy of the action. The 'inspired' actor may very easily make some little, involuntary, and highly comical movement, because all his inspired performance is entirely involuntary.

Both the highly technical and the 'inspired' actors do not feel the people, the accessories, and the setting upon the stage; they are solely conscious of the audience that is watching them. The technical actor has had his creative moments — before the public performance — when he elaborated his part; the 'inspired' one never had any, as he thinks he is merely going to 'live upon the stage.'

The first vestiges of the new technique, the technique of creating life itself upon the stage, slowly began to appear on the Russian stage about the time of the great actor Shchepkin, who acted in the 40's and 50's. He taught that we must exhibit upon the stage true human feelings — 'Take your samples from nature,' he would say. But true feelings cannot be 'performed,' no matter how high a technique the actor possesses. Shchepkin worked hard; but he could only point the way, being as yet unable to find it for himself. His teachings were misunderstood, and for a time created the so-called school of 'simple playing,' where the actors, trying to be natural, used to walk upon the stage, hands in pockets, muttering their parts in such 'natural' low voices that the public could not hear what they were saying.

Constantin Sergeievich Alexeiev of the Moscow Art Theatre — better known under his stage name, Stanislavskii — discovered the true principles of creating characters on the stage. He was born in Moscow, in an old merchant family of good standing. As an actor, Stanislavskii has made a long journey. At first he followed the French school, the technique of which he had mastered to excellence; later he tried to escape the discipline of this school and fell into the rut of 'inspired' playing; and he also tried to be an opera singer.

From his earliest childhood he lived in a theatrical atmosphere. The Alexeiev family had large, well equipped stages in both their winter and summer houses. It was a very large family, living in a truly Russian fashion, with a multitude of nurses, governesses and servants; and in a cosmopolitan atmosphere. The young people were always performing something on the stage, and young Constantin gradually became manager of these performances. After a while, he hit upon the original idea of preparing his part by continually trying to act like the man he was going to impersonate on the stage —

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even while living his every-day life, among his family and friends. Later on, after many years of work, the master Stanislavskii introduced 'improvisations' in his school, training his pupils to create improvised scenes in any place, at any time — in the street, upon the tramcar, in the room, making other persons take part in them without letting them suspect it. The object of these improvisations was to let his pupils feel the boundary line between the stage and the real life; to realize the difference between real feeling and feeling as it is shown upon the stage; to make them study fear from a person really afraid, and not from a first class actor who knew how to pretend fear — or anger, or joy.

Blind imitation of nature, however, is not art. Nature in art must be beautiful nature. Accordingly, to the principle 'Take your samples from nature' was added: 'but for your art, select the beautiful only.' Stanislavskii never lost sight of the value of the French school, even after he repudiated it as a whole. The 'ready-made' rules for acting the various human emotions he called 'stamps.' He knew to perfection how to use these 'stamps,' and whenever his pupils failed, in a rehearsal, to produce the effect he desired, he would quickly get up on the stage and perform the part himself, using the French 'stamps' with so much precision and freedom, that the pupils usually understood the lesson at once. He would show them clearly how *not* to act, and after that it was easier to find a way of acting according to the new principle. Nevertheless, Stanislavskii always taught his actors to use the French technique whenever they happened to lose their way in creating real feeling upon the stage; to fill the interval with 'stamps' until they found the true tone again.

Stanislavskii considered the following saying of Fedotova, a remarkable Russian actress, one of the fundamental principles of acting: 'When you act a villain — look for his good points; when you act a good man — look for whatever evil he has in his character.'

Stanislavskii related the following incident to his friends. One time he called upon Madame Fedotova. Her chambermaid was absent. The cook opened the door and went back to the kitchen, leaving the caller to find the lady of the house himself. Stanislavskii stepped into one of the rooms and suddenly saw Fedotova standing before a large mirror, only partly dressed; her posture indicated embarrassment, and she rubbed her stomach with awkward movements. She was herself — and not herself at the same time. In another moment Stanislavskii saw that she was simply rehearsing the part of a peasant woman at a medical examination. Her acting was extraordinarily natural, yet there was nothing vulgar in it, nothing that would offend the eye. On the contrary, every detail was an æsthetic delight. This was not a French 'stamp'; it was live nature, selected for purposes of art. French technique could only assist the actress in fixing the part and transplanting it upon the stage.

Stanislavskii turned to nature. He felt that it was futile to fight the French 'stamps' as he had been doing — merely by substituting his own 'stamps' for the ones he disliked. It was imperative that genuine, lifelike pictures should be created upon the stage from natural sources.

He began to transport to the stage as much of the 'live nature' as he could; to build upon it rooms with real doors and windows, door knobs, and latches; to substitute the traditional forest scenery by a multitude of sounds, beams, reflections, noises that help to create an impression of moving and breathing forest-life. He required the

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actors first of all to get hold of the subtle, outward details characteristic of their part: a professor was required to walk as professors frequently do; another part was going to produce a truer impression if the actor stammered just a trifle, and another again required a little nervous shrugging of shoulders. All dress and other accessories used on the stage would be real ones, such as the character acted would undoubtedly wear in real life. Stanislavskii transplanted nature upon the stage in heaps, like some gold-bearing soil, in the hope that the pure gold of art will gradually sift out. And the gold began to sift out — very slowly, at first almost imperceptibly.

The actors, supported by the multitude of living details set down by the régisseur, began to find fresh and unexpected expressions for representing experiences of human life. The performances of the Dramatic Circle of the Artistic and Literary Society of Moscow, where Stanislavskii launched his new art, began to attract wide attention. It was a new theatre, altogether unlike anything previously seen upon the stage — that much was everywhere unhesitatingly admitted.

'Just as in life!' — was what delighted the audience in Stanislavskii's performances. But 'just as in life' is not yet art. Art begins where the hidden essence of the live things becomes visible — something that was invisible before. This real gold did not begin to appear until almost twenty years after the beginning of Stanislavskii's creative work, in 1903 and 1904. Then it was discovered that the thing to do was to create every time on the very stage, and not to *act* something previously created.

Stanislavskii was far from desiring to 'discover' something new in dramatic art, or from an attempt to produce something that was never seen before. He simply went groping ahead, driven by an impulse he could not suppress, advancing along the slow and tortuous way of guesswork and sudden flashes of inspiration. The new technique of the Moscow Art Theatre was created gradually, spontaneously, from the various remarks that Stanislavskii made while training his pupils in school and those that his assistants repeated during rehearsals. The master would drop those remarks — sometimes of very striking form and depth of observation — and immediately forget them. But the pupils would write them down and later, when they were collected, they formed a complete and exact foundation for a new school of dramatic art.

'Do not worry about remembering the right pose; be sure to remember *the feeling* you had when you first found this pose,' he would say.

'A person never knows exactly what he is going to say. It is only actors who know!'

'Empty eyes! An actor with empty eyes — how horrible!'

'A person always *walks into the room*. It is only actors who *appear upon the stage*.'

'Your part requires that you sweep the room. But you are thinking what you are to say next, all the while you are sweeping! Don't think about that! Sweep carefully, attentively. Look out for that little crack in the floor, clean up that little corner! . . .'

'Sit down quietly. Relax. Don't you see this little table next to your chair? Feel it with your hand, feel its smooth and cool surface. Find out the color of its finish — and by and by you will find yourself. Otherwise, you see, your every muscle is contracted, as if you were of steel. No feeling can ever penetrate such an armor. I remember myself acting in this way, in the old days; after such performances I used to find

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that little veins in my feet had burst — from sheer strain.'

'Introduce yourself into the circle of feelings of the people around you — on the stage. Your world is here. There — in the audience — is no one to interest you.'

'Why is it that no actress can step out on the stage without holding on to the curtains?'

'Women like to appear upon the stage as they are not in reality. A lively one wants to pretend quietness. A gay one wants to appear melancholy. But upon the stage you must be what you are! And that is the hardest part of it.'

'You wear a bracelet on your ankle — you do not have to learn acting. You already know how to act' — this he said to a 'modernized' young woman who came to his school for a trial.

'Do not laugh if you feel sad. The tone of your voice does not call for laughter — and you are pulling it up by the hair.'

'Never try to speak upon the stage with another voice than your own. You play the part of an old man — and your voice sounds young. What shall you do? Breathe slowly — and you will have to speak slowly, and there will be an old man.'

Even these few remarks practically include the foundations of the 'technique of living upon the stage.' The actor is supposed to cut himself off entirely from the audience and shut himself into the circle of the people, the feelings and the things of the play. He thus frees himself from the constant muscular tension which keeps the actor of the old school riveted to the audience; and his genuine creative ability is not hindered any longer and is constantly stimulated by looking into the *live* eyes of those who are with him upon the stage. He has not memorized his gestures previously; but he has memorized — and he calls back every time he plays upon the stage — the feeling that inevitably produces this or that gesture. The tone of his voice compels him to make certain movements; the expression of his eyes produces his mimicry.

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VESPER ADEST

BY LAURENCE HOUSMAN

[*Outlook*]

Down weighs Day his gold in the west,
Heavily, heavily. Then without rest
Comes Love the implacable. Vesper adest:
Consurgite, juvenes!
Vesper adest.

Earth is old; but nature is vernal.
Dark is the husk; but sweet the kernel.
Here, for lovers, the message eternal:
Vesper adest: consurgite, juvenes!
Vesper adest.

Evening comes to the trysting-place;
Hesperus shines, and lovers embrace.
The winds are still, and the waves lie hushed;
And here with a will young things have rushed,
And together come leaping. Vesper adest:
Consurgite, juvenes!
Vesper adest.

Day lies dead; but rosy the dusk.
Youth is the kernel, and Age the husk.
Leave them together: with Love be the rest!
Life has united them. Vesper adest:
Consurgite, juvenes!
Vesper adest.

Men gave Love so evil a name:
Smote him with rods, and condemned to flame,
Stript, and scourged, and put him to shame . . .
Vain are their bleatings, cacophonies, euphonies!
Nature will out: and the Deuce take the rest!
Vesper adest: consurgite, juvenes!
Vesper adest.

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THE CHRYSANTHEMUM IN JAPANESE LIFE

BY MADAME YUKIO OZAKI

[*The following charming account of the part played by the chrysanthemum in Japanese legend and literature is from the pen of the English wife of the former Minister of Justice of Japan.*]

From the *Japan Advertiser, November* 16
(Tokyo American Daily)

November is the glorious month of the chrysanthemum, as much the national symbol of Japan as the cherry blossom. For a long time this stately classical flower has been chosen as the Imperial crest — the sixteen-petaled chrysanthemum.

This beautiful flower belongs to the family of the Four Flower Knights, the Shi-kunshi, so named because of the vigorous qualities for which they stand. First is the *Ume*, or Plum Blossom, brave enough to face the snow, like a good woman whose virtue is enhanced by adversity. Second is the *Ran*, or Orchid, whose sweetness flourishes even when growing wild in the mountains. Third is the *Take*, or Bamboo, which symbolizes uprightness because of its straight growth. And fourth comes the *Kiku*, or Chrysanthemum, which preserves its beauty to the last, defying with unbroken stem the frosts of winter and bravely adorning the gardens forsaken of all other bloom.

According to the old calendar the *Kiku no Sekku*, or Festival of the chrysanthemum, was the last of the five great festivals of the year, and was celebrated for the first time in 806 A.D., when it was called the *Cho-Yo-No-En*, or the Festival of the Ninth of the Ninth Month, which corresponds to November of our present reckoning. In those olden times it was celebrated at court, when the participants wore special robes to honor the occasion. These costumes were called *kikugasane*, the outer ones being of purple silk while the under kimono was white. Chrysanthemum petals were steeped in *sake*, which was quaffed out of cups decorated with designs of the kiku, and rice cooked with chestnuts was served at the feast. Poems were composed on the happy occasion, the Emperor himself setting the subject just as at the New Year. This ancient festival, which tradition tells us originated in China, has gradually merged into the present Imperial Chrysanthemum Garden-Party, which is the greatest social function of the autumn season in the capital.

Let the Emperor live forever!
May he see the Chrysanthemum cup go round
Autumn after autumn for a thousand years!

There is an account in ancient books of the court circles and the nobility entering into a competition with each other in the display of the finest chrysanthemum blossoms. This was called the *Kiku-Awase*, or Comparison of Chrysanthemums, a form of social reunion out of which surely grew the modern garden-party. The eighth *Shogun*, Yoshimune, promoted this custom, giving a Kiku-Awase party at his palace in the year 1720.

In the reign of the Emperor Go Saga, 1245 A.D., it is recorded that at the Chrysanthemum Festival the weather

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was so inclement and unseasonable that to protect the beloved flowers from the cold and to hasten their blooming so as to be in time for the anticipated event, special cotton wool (*wata*) was made to cover and warm the tardy buds. Caps of yellow wool were made for the yellow flowers, red wata caps covered the red chrysanthemums and white hats were made for the white flowers, and so on. Only the people living in the leisurely days of old could give such care and attention to their flowers!

The immortal loyalist, Kusunoki Masashige, considered the model of faithful subjects to this day, made the *Kikusui*, or chrysanthemum on water (half a chrysanthemum rests upon the curving line which represents a flowing stream), the badge of his heroic banner, which he held aloft from the top of a small castle near Osaka, calling all royalists to rally to the cause of the ill-fated Emperor Go Daigo against the traitor, Ashikaga Takauji. The hilt of the sword which the Emperor had bequeathed him as in premonition when parting from Kusunoki bore the chrysanthemum crest on the hilt, and the devoted subject then made it his standard. Alas, Kusunoki led a forlorn hope. He would not brook defeat, and with his men committed suicide at Minatogawa. Thus the chrysanthemum in history stands for all that is best and true and strong in knighthood. By the Chinese it is called the King of Flowers!

In art the flower is associated with that noblest of birds, the crane, which also typifies longevity, and in the reign of the Emperor Kwammu (749) it is recorded that the chrysanthemum was used not only as a food but as a medicine.

Many beautiful and fanciful names have been bestowed upon the chrysanthemum, showing how the flower is enshrined in the hearts of the people of the land as embodying floral grace and tender beauty with medicinal qualities and long life — 'Foam of White Waves,' 'Starlike Flower,' 'Golden Flower,' 'Flower of a Thousand Generations,' 'Mountain Path Flower,' 'Virgin Flower,' 'Old Man's Flower,' 'Younger Brother of the Flowers,' so named as it is the last to bloom of the Flower Year. The gorgeous red and yellow flowers are called 'the Rising Sun Blossoms,' and so on through an innumerable variety of names.

An old song says: —

Looking upward to the palace gardens, long I gaze and wonder
What they are — whether white and snowy-petaled chrysanthemums
Or the twinkling lustre of a star.

There is a dainty conceit in 'The Hundred Poems,' translated by Dr. Clay MacCauley, which likens the flower to Frost: —

If it were my wish
White Chrysanthemum to cull,
Puzzled by the frost of the early autumn time
I perchance might pluck the flower.

These are high-flown conceptions found in the works of the old poems. Mrs. Akiko Yosano is characteristically human and touches a more modern note when she makes a lover wish that he could lay a carpet of a thousand yellow chrysanthemums for the coming feet of the beloved to walk upon.

The late poet laureate, Baron Takasaki, at the court of the Emperor Meiji, refers to the old Chinese legend that the chrysanthemum was connected with longevity when he sang: —

I am not anxious for a long, long life,
Therefore I plant the tall chrysanthemum,
Not as a symbol of longevity,
But as the sweetest flower upon God's earth.

Now the Chinese legend is this: —

'More than a thousand years ago, the King of Boku reigned in China and being of a devout turn of mind, he made a pilgrimage to India to learn of

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Buddha, receiving from the Blessed One praise for his piety and instruction in the Sacred Laws. The law which made the deepest impression on him was the following: —

' "A great ruler must be virtuous and just. Then his life and wealth will be as the depth of the ocean."

'This law he made the foundation of his life as ruler and taught the secret of his wisdom to a page boy called Jido, whom he loved dearly. Now it happened that the courtiers were all jealous of the king's favorite and were incessantly on the lookout to find some mistake or fault by which they could compass his ruin. At last Jido, who was always admitted confidentially to the king's presence, inadvertently stepped against his august Master's pillow, which was at that Court an unpardonable act of lèse-majesté, punishable by death. Even the Emperor had to abide by the sentence of the Court council when they ruled that Jido should go into lifelong banishment.

'So Jido went forth into exile to the wild mountains carrying with him His Majesty's pillow which had been the cause of his undoing, in his heart and mind Buddha's Laws and the grateful remembrance of His Majesty's tears and last exhortations to worship Heaven daily in the ten directions before reading Buddha's Scriptures, which would preserve him from all harm and danger.

'Now when Jido arrived at the place of exile he found that there were no other human beings there; for company he had the howling of wolves and roaring of tigers in the mountains. His enemies believed that they had sent him to death, for no man had ever survived the terrors of that desert wilderness. Fearing that he might forget in this dreary place the precepts of the Great Law that he had learned from his Imperial Master he wrote them day after day on the leaves of the wild chrysanthemums. Through suffering and virtue Jido was raised to the consciousness of an immortal, terror had no more dominion over him, angels appeared bearing flowers to comfort him and godlike beings with swords protected him from fearsome wild animals. Thus he was saved by the mercy of Buddha. The water of the river into which the dew fell from the law-inscribed chrysanthemum leaves changed to sweetest nectar and the people who drank of this water lived for over a thousand years, enjoying perfect health.

'Many years passed away and new Emperors took the place of the old. . . . When Buntei ruled the Empire, Jido returned to China to teach him the secret of immortality. This happened eight hundred years after his cruel banishment, and his countenance was that of an immortal radiant with health and happiness. He had triumphed over wrong and suffering. The Emperor Buntei celebrated a state feast in his honor, ordering *sake* to be drunk in new cups decorated with the design of chrysanthemums and issuing an edict that hereafter the nation was to perpetuate the occasion as one of the great yearly festivals.'

Thus was the Chrysanthemum Festival inaugurated in China and gradually brought over to Japan, where it is observed even at the present day as one of the principal Court functions of the year. In the earliest collection of poems, the *Manyoshu*, there is no reference or poem to the chrysanthemum, showing that it did not belong to primitive Japan.

One of the *No* dramas has been composed on the subject of this story, called *Jido no Makura*, or 'The Pillow of Jido.' A wandering priest searching for the source of some wonderful medicinal springs comes to the wilderness of *Rekkiken* and discovers a hermitage surrounded by rocks and a luxuriant

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growth of white and yellow chrysanthemums. A second actor appears and enters into conversation with the priest. A knowledge of the story of the hero is assumed and a comparison is drawn between the classical story of the poor man of Kantan (also a No drama) who owned a magic pillow, which conjured up for its possessor a hundred years of exalted bliss and fortune as King of the Land while he fell asleep cooking his humble pot of beans. Jido's pillow on the contrary had brought downfall, sorrow, and the unceasing pain of separation from his beloved King Boku, of which even in dreams his pillow brought not oblivion but ever recurring recollection.

Jido appears, and on being questioned, tells the sad story of his exile. When he mentions the name of the King of Boku the priest is lost in astonishment and exclaims: —

'Boku lived seven hundred years ago! We are now living in the reign of the Emperor Bun of the *Gi* dynasty. You, Jido, can be no mortal man — no human being can live so long! Only inanimate things like rocks can live hundreds of years!'

Then Jido explains that his long life is due to the virtue of the texts of the Lotus Gospel which his Master, the King Boku, inscribed upon the fateful pillow. The priest draws near to examine the wonderful lines: —

'Happiness and long life are ensured by attaining to all merit and looking upon all beings with beneficent eyes.'

'We must pray for this desirable condition,' they all remark.

'When these holy texts are inscribed on chrysanthemum leaves, the dew as it falls absorbs the salubrious spirit of the plants and becomes the Elixir of Eternal Youth. Thus have I been able to live seven hundred years without knowing the passing of time,' said Jido, and he raised the pillow reverently upward to his head. 'I am grateful to King Boku's virtue in teaching me the Laws of Buddha.'

Jido, the holy hermit, retires to his hermitage, pushing his way through a forest of chrysanthemums, and drinking the life-giving dew of the chrysanthemums which had collected in a pool near his hut. The chorus also remarks that he made his bed of chrysanthemum stalks and leaves.

Thus we see what an ideal place the chrysanthemum holds in the sentiment, legend, and tradition of the nation.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

IN THE ELIZABETHAN MANNER

BY C. H. O. SCAIFE

[*Oxford Poetry*]

SAY, fond lover, canst thou prove
Ought that is not bad of Love?
If thou canst
I will again
Suffer that delightful pain;
Though I think thou canst not say
Love is good in any way.

THE FOUNTAIN IN THE PINE FOREST

BY EDWARD SHANKS

[*Spectator*]

FAR off among those woods it rises
More than a thousand miles from here:
Some other eye it now surprises,
Its rustling soothes another ear.

The woods each side were black and silent,
The road was dusty and blinding white:
Down it as down a narrow funnel
Came in full stream the noonday light.

The cart swayed over stone and rut:
Huddled in hot, unhappy doze,
I drowsed along with eyes half shut,
Desiring only the journey's close.

But suddenly we lurched and turned
And, round the corner, bright and thin
And cool in the sullen trees, there burned
That fountain! And my breath drew in.

I woke and spoke, hushed in surprise:
They did not hear. The cart went on.
Still the glare dazzled in our eyes,
The wheels ground harsh on rut and stone.

Again we lurched and turned a corner.
Laughing, the driver shook his rein
And shouted something that went by me:
I sank in my hot sleep again.

Far off among those woods it rises
More than a thousand miles from here:
Some other eye it now surprises,
Its rustling soothes another ear.

How far away in time and distance
Is that bright fountain left behind!
Day after day the glimmering image
Fades in the forests of the mind.

THE CHILDLESS WOMAN

BY KATHARINE TYNAN

[*Evensong*]

THE children she had missed
That never yet had birth,
Unwarmed, unfed, unkissed,
Soured all her joy of earth.
But when her day was done
And none was desolate,
Dusty and all alone,
She knocked at Heaven's gate.
Birds from a parapet
Called to her clear and shrill;
With 'Mother! Mother!' so wild and sweet,
And they were never still.
They were no birds at all,
But children small and bright.

* * * *

The heart in her side
Forgot the ancient wrong:
When 'Mother! Mother! Mother!' they cried,
It soared like a bird's song.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

SIR SIDNEY COLVIN IN STEVENSON'S DEFENSE

An article on 'The Stevenson Myth' by Mr. George S. Hellman in the December *Century* has roused commotion in literary England; and Sir Sidney Colvin — Stevenson's intimate and lifelong friend, who began, but never finished, his biography — contributes to the London *Sunday Times* an indignant rebuttal.

Mr. Hellman's original article was based on early and for the most part unpublished Stevenson manuscripts, including poems to his early loves. Among its chief assertions were these:

That Stevenson in his early days had several more or less illicit love affairs, notice of which has been largely suppressed.

That one of these may have something to do with his trip abroad in 1873, which has always been supposed to have been wholly due to his ill health.

That Mrs. Stevenson — constituting herself both literary censor and custodian of her husband's reputation as an author — took advantage of his illness to throw into the fire the manuscript of a novel dealing with the life of a streetwalker.

That Sir Sidney did not complete the official biography which he began 'despite the fact that Stevenson himself had expressed the hope that this dearest of his friends would be his editor and biographer.'

That Mrs. Stevenson was responsible for this.

That Sir Sidney and several other friends were opposed to Mrs. Stevenson's creating a Stevenson myth by suppressing important facts.

That the second and maturer Stevenson was never wholly comprehensible to W. E. Henley, the friend of his earlier days.

Mr. Hellman's article sets to boiling a discussion of the beloved writer's early days which has long been simmering. One, at least, of his statements has been bluntly denied by Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, — Stevenson's stepson, once his collaborator, and long a member of his household, — who is now in London supervising Mr. Arthur Bourchier's production of *Treasure Island*. Mr. Osbourne denied that his mother ever burned any manuscript dealing with the life of a streetwalker, saying that he had never heard of such a thing and believed it quite untrue. The denial is not entirely convincing, to be sure, for such an incident might readily have been concealed; but it is hard to believe that Mr. Osbourne would not at least have known of such a manuscript's existence, and that, knowing, he would not have been puzzled by its disappearance — if it ever had disappeared.

Sir Sidney's refutation is brief but vigorous:

'The false inferences drawn from gratuitous assumptions in the article would take me more time to refute than I can well spare. It is merely untrue to say or suggest that I gave up writing the Life because the widow would not have given me a free hand — I gave it up simply because I lacked health and leisure to complete the task in any reasonable time.

'The denial in the article of the widow's statement that verse was his pastime — as contrasted with his serious art and craft of prose — is equally unfortunate.

'He expressed himself to himself in verse with little or none of the scrupulous art and finish that he used in prose; to the last he sent me those of his verses which he wished to be printed, and I am convinced that he did *not* intend for publication most of the verses printed

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by the Boston Bibliophile Society, and now published in a separate volume.

'As to Henley, his later views were poisoned by indignation at the barriers which Mrs. Stevenson found herself compelled, in the interests of her husband's health, to put in the way of their intercourse.

'Henley's inconsiderate and rackety ways, cripple though he was, had made him no fit companion for such an invalid as Stevenson had become during his last years in England. . . .

'I find the article misinformed and misleading. For one thing, I cannot admit that the alleged "myth" has any existence outside the writer's imagination.

'No friend of R. L. S. has represented him as a saint, only as a very brilliant and lovable human being.

'Both in my introduction to the early letters and in the essay in my book of "Memories and Notes," it is quite plainly stated that in youth he was a man "beset with fleshly frailties and, despite his infirm health, of strong appetites and unchecked curiosities"; and again that "in youth ginger was only too hot in his mouth, and the chimes at midnight only too familiar a music." The writer himself quotes a phrase to the like effect from Graham Balfour's *Life*.

'That is the substance of all that the reader has the right, or should have the desire, apart from mere prurient curiosity, to know concerning these matters of mere youth and hot blood.

'Mr. Hellman seems to have fished out from the papers which Stevenson's representatives have let come into the market evidence of something more like a serious romance in regard to a girl called Claire.

'Without seeing this evidence, I cannot judge whether this was more than what he somewhere calls a "frail, sickly amourette," or whether it had any real effect upon his life and character.

'What is quite certain is that it had nothing whatever to do — as Mr. Hellman suggests it had — with his going abroad at Dr. Andrew Clark's orders in the autumn of 1873.

'By that time both Mrs. Sitwell — now my wife — and I had his intimate and absolute confidence, and could not possibly have failed to know had there been any such motive for his departure.'

Under the heading 'Mealy-Mouthed Biography,' the *Manchester Guardian* — after suggesting that both the 'official' *Life* by Sir Graham Balfour and some of Sir Sidney Colvin's own writings exercise a good deal of 'discretion' — hints that Mr. Hellman has pretty evidently released the cat from the bag. Then it asks and answers an important question: —

'Can such discretion be justified? Sir Sidney Colvin goes farther than saying merely yes. Interviewed by the *Sunday Times*, he says that what has been let out is 'the substance of all that the reader has the right, or should have the desire, apart from mere prurient curiosity, to know concerning these matters of mere youth and hot blood.' We wonder. It is important to make sure, because at any time one of us might find, among some old papers, a good deal more about what Shakespeare did and wrote in youth and hot blood — say, his letters to Anne Hathaway. If we do, ought we to read them through, see whether Shakespeare comes out of it well, and, if not, burn them — at any rate keep them well out of print as being stuff that the public has not the right, and ought not to have the desire, to see? We wonder. Certainly such an act of suppression would be quite in the manner of the most highly reputed Victorian biography. Then the supreme aim of biographers seemed to be the present avoidance of anything 'painful to the family.'

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UNPUBLISHED POEMS BY MARY SHELLEY

Two mythological dramas which have hitherto been allowed to remain in manuscript have been issued by Humphrey Milford, and lovers of Shelley are at last able to read 'Arethusa' and other lyrics in the settings for which they were originally written. The two plays, which are in verse, are called *Proserpine* and *Midas*, and show Shelley's influence so strongly that it has been suggested that he actually wrote parts of them. Such lines for example as

Star-eyed narcissi and the drooping bells
Of hyacinths; and purple polianthus

are so like Shelley that it is hard to tell whether he wrote them or whether the romantic atmosphere which he diffused had affected his wife. At least they do not read as though they had come from the same pen that wrote the wild fantasies of *Frankenstein*, which Mary Shelley had published just two years before, in 1818.

A few lines will give some idea of the character of the verse. For example, this speech from *Proserpine*, in which the heroine accepts her fate and consents to become the bride of the King of the Infernal Regions: —

If fate decrees, can we resist? farewell!
Oh! Mother, dearer to your child than light,
Than all the forms of this sweet earth and sky,
Though dear are these, and dear are my poor nymphs,
Whom I must leave; oh! can immortals weep?
And can a Goddess die as mortals do,
Or live and reign where it is death to be?

Mr. Robert Stokes, writing in the *Sunday Times*, finds that the first part of *Midas* is the best, and quotes the opening lines of the poem to justify his opinion: —

The Hours have oped the palace of the dawn
And through the Eastern gates of Heaven, Aurora
Comes charioted on light, her wind-swift steeds,
Wingèd with roseate clouds, strain up the steep.

AN ENGLISHMAN ON AMERICAN FOOTBALL

THE *Manchester Guardian* permits itself a brief meditation on the relation of football to American civilization. It comments unfavorably on the practice of 'listening-in' to the game by wire, and complains that the American sporting writers 'use a lingo which any American on the street swallows with delight and which no self-respecting Englishman would more than half understand.'

After a list of the big arenas of the country — Harvard, Yale, Ohio State, Washington, California, and Leland Stanford — the correspondent remarks that although 'these colosseums cost immense sums,' nevertheless they pay, and students and graduates are glad to help the good work along.

Then we have this summary of America's autumn sport: —

The football season is October and November — a game a week. In each game eleven men, representing one university, scrummage against eleven from the other. They are amateurs. They dare not play for money, even in vacation time, lest they be disqualified, but they are coached through their classes by sympathetic fellow-students of more brain and less brawn; they are aided to finance their way by easy but 'honest' jobs obtained by sympathetic graduates, and they are trained at a team-table and almost nursed by their trainers day and night.

and finally a note of doubt: —

And the moral of all this? Is it not the moral of most of the great American institutions — of the movie, the phonograph, the radio, of mass-production in general? It is, after all, the logical conclusion of that conception of the function of the university which includes a readiness to exclude Jews because they seem unassimilable to a common type.

The fact that the greatest event in the American university year, the one event

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which brings all America's university graduates into a communion of minds each year, is a football game is worth very serious pondering.

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CAPTAIN COOK AND HIS MANUSCRIPTS

SOME interesting manuscripts written by, or relating to, Captain James Cook, the famous explorer and discoverer of the Hawaiian Islands, are announced for sale by Sotheby in London. They have been lying for half a century in the library at Marton Hall, the estate on which Captain Cook was born in a laborer's cottage. The papers are of high historical interest for the light they shed on early days in Australasia and America.

Among them is the autograph diary which the fearless navigator kept during his first voyage to the South Seas, extending to more than seven hundred folio pages, in which only one leaf is missing. There are three contemporary copies of this manuscript, although the original was for a long time unknown to historians. Admiral Wharton's version, which was printed in 1893, is from one of the copies and not from the original, and there are numerous verbal differences between the two.

There are also copies of Captain Cook's correspondence with the Admiralty, secret instructions, and other papers known only from this manuscript. Two log books are especially interesting — one the log of H. M. S. Endeavor from May 27, 1768 to October 5, 1770, and the other the log of H. M. S. Dolphin, describing the voyage to the South Seas under Captain Samuel Wallis. It was during this voyage that Tahiti was discovered. Finally, there is Captain Cook's autograph manuscript describing the coast of Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, and Cape Breton — thirteen pages of large folio, with two water-color maps.

THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE AND THE MOSCOW ART THEATRE

THE Paris correspondent of the London *Observer*, who frequently sends his paper some very penetrating comments on dramatic life in the city that calls itself the world's artistic capital, draws sharp distinction between the actor's art as it is practised at the Comédie Française, and the artistic achievements of the Moscow Art Theatre whose company was then in Paris. The comment is especially interesting because two eminent *sociétaires* of the Comédie Française, Mlle. Cécile Sorel and M. Henry Lambert, have just completed an American tour, and the Moscow Art Theatre has just opened in New York.

The views of the *Observer's* critic are a curious supplement to the opinions that M. Yartsev expresses elsewhere in this issue. Contrasting the two companies, he writes: —

Between the actors of the Comédie Française and those of the famous Moscow Art Theatre an illuminating comparison may be made. I have said that there is a hardness in the brilliance of the former. Perhaps it is caused by the fact that there is also an evident atmosphere of competition, a desire to make good individually. I do not say that there is any vulgar attempt to score, or that the team-work is not excellent. And yet in the Moscow Art Theatre there is something more than team-work. The reputation of this company is great for the artistic perfection and appropriateness of its scenic backgrounds and its costumes. I do not regret, however, that they are playing in Paris with makeshift scenery, and that I first saw them in Gorkii's 'Lower Depths,' where costume is comparatively unimportant. The result was only to bring out more strongly their excellence in what really matters, and that is the acting. In this they show, what the Russian ballet has shown, how every performer, without sacrificing his spontaneity or his individuality as an artist, can subdue himself to the unity of a directing artistic master-mind.

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BOOKS ABROAD

The Birth of Yugoslavia, by Henry Baerlein. London: Parsons, 1922. 42*s.*

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

Mr. Baerlein is very interesting in his treatment of the achievement of this unity. He tells how the dominion of Belgrade might at one moment in the sixties have been extended to the Black Sea, when many Bulgarians wished to join with the then half-free Serbs to form an earlier Yugoslavia. He even suggests that such a union may yet take place, in spite of all the bitter history of more than a generation. It is possible; for, if the border bitterness which existed for whole centuries between the Scots and English could die down and make way for British unity, Serb and Bulgar may decide to revise their historical memories and let drop a heavy burden of unnecessary records, in order to stand four-square to the storms of fate, instead of being content to be a triune kingdom and a lonely and suspect State among the Balkans.

If Mr. Baerlein was grimly humorous in laying bare the discreditable secrets of Nikita's soul, he is also merciless in his exposure of methods used by Italians and their toadies in their treatment of Yugoslavs on the eastern shores of the Adriatic. It is plain that it is out of hatred — and perhaps fear — of the Karageorgevitch realm that Italians so sedulously supported the claims and activities of the exiled Nikita — it could hardly have been due to any respect or affection for the aged monarch who had done so much to facilitate the work of Austria at a moment when she was so serious a menace to Italy. Indeed, no friend of Italy will be able to read without pain Mr. Baerlein's account of the post-war ambitions, achievements and humiliations of the Italians, from Istria to Southern Albania.

Mr. Baerlein's book is full of information, spiced with wit and ornamented with anecdote. The author has small patience with self-assertive ignorance, and derides — at times very amusingly — those who differ from him in their estimate of local characters or are less well-informed than he is, or have other information than his. He is a stout partisan and stands up valiantly for his friends, and he certainly makes out a good case for the triune kingdom. He pays a deserved tribute to its clever and patient King, and conveys the impression that the Yugoslavs given half a generation of peace, will succeed in forming a stable and solid refuge for civilization in a part of the world which has hitherto been the cradle of unrest and the actual birthplace of the Great War.

Under the Acroceraunian Mountains, by Henry Baerlein. London: Parsons, 1922. 6*s.*

[*Saturday Review*]

Those who are interested in the Balkans, and particularly in the questions connected with the Eastern Adriatic, should not miss Mr. Henry Baerlein's new book, *Under the Acroceraunian Mountains*, as it gives an account of Southern Albania, otherwise known as Northern Epirus, based on a recent visit of the author, and presented in his brisk and straightforward way. The two names suggest the question whether the territory shall belong to Albania or Greece in the future; the Powers gave it to Greece in 1920, but transferred it to Albania in 1921. At present it is Albanian, and Mr. Baerlein's contention is that this is wrong, for most of its people are Greek and the country itself is cut off from Albania proper by the Acroceraunian range, a natural frontier which should not be disregarded. This book is a companion volume to the author's *A Difficult Frontier*, which deals with Northern Albania.

Che-Ka. Berlin, S. W., 204 Friedrichstrasse: Nowaja Rossija.

[*Economic Review*]

Che-Ka is a book published in Berlin by the party of the Russian Social Revolutionaries. It is a book of some 255 pages, showing in good, simple language, the work of the Extraordinary Commission in various parts of Russia. It is a collection of facts, obtained from Russian people who managed to escape out of the Che-Ka or who were still in its prisons and passed on to the Social Revolutionary organization. Each chapter is written by a different person, referring to the work of the Che-Ka in a different province. The editor of the book, in his introductory note, says that for obvious reasons he is obliged to substitute assumed names for the real names of the authors, but he and his party take all the responsibility and vouch for the absolute correctness of the statements.

Madrid, by Mrs. Stuart Erskine. London: John Lane, 1922. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Beacon*]

Mrs. Erskine has already made her mark as a writer on the more decorative aspects of history, and she could not have chosen a happier subject for her talent. She writes as one having authority and inner knowledge of the life of Madrid. She succeeds in that by no means common feat of

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creating an atmosphere, and nothing could be better than her description of Philip IV's body being conveyed, slung between mules, up the mountain path by night to the gloomy Escorial.

Evensong, by Katharine Tynan. Oxford: Blackwell, 1922. 3*s*.

We are so accustomed to think of Katharine Tynan as a novelist that we are apt to forget that poetry was her first love. Indeed, it will be news to many, even of her admirers, that it was as a poetess that she first made her name. They will be the more surprised at the faultlessness, in their own genre, of these unassuming little lyrics.

Simplicity is the keynote of the volume. Some of the religious pieces, in their imagery, deep reverence, and mood of self-abasement, remind one of Francis Thompson's simpler poems, but in their homeliness almost all have a closer affinity with what we may call the Irish School.

It has often been remarked that the poetry of joy is far more difficult to write — and far rarer — than the poetry of grief. It may therefore be worth while calling special attention to 'The Childless Woman.'

[This poem is printed on A Page of Verse.]

Senescence, by G. Stanley Hall. New York: Appleton, 1922.

[E. N. Da C. Andrade in *London Mercury*]

Senescence is a considerable collection of quotations, anecdotes, aphorisms, and statistics concerning old age, a kind of *Anatomy of Old Age* with something of the love for authorities, but without the deep learning, dry wit, and acid charm of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*. Let those who will set down my preference for the latter book to the fact that I am melancholy, but not old. Dr. Hall has coined the word *senectitude*. Lord, Lord!

Poems about Birds, by H. J. Massingham. With a Preface by J. C. Squire. London: Fisher Unwin, New York: Dutton, 1922.

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

Mr. Massingham brings together, with copious downright notes that mark him as far removed from the general run of editors, the best poems and passages from poems upon birds, whether in the abstract or of the common origin. With modern poets he has had problems of copyright and fees which the scheme of publication could not solve; and so some of the finest recent pieces do not appear here. But the fact will not depress most readers unduly. If there is anything whose omission deserves mention, where so much is given and vividly discussed, it is a glimpse or two of glory from Kit Smart's 'Song to David,' such as might show the aims of the volume: —

'Of fowl — even every beak and wing
Which cheer the winter, hail the spring,
That live in peace or prey;
They that make music, or that mock,
The quail, the brave domestic cock,
The raven, swan and jay.'

BOOKS ANNOUNCED

Curle, Richard. *Into the East: Notes on Burma and Malaya*. London: Macmillan, 1923. Joseph Conrad has written the preface for this new book of modern travel. Mr. Conrad says that Mr. Curle is 'very modern in impression, in appreciations, in curiosities, and in his very love of the mother earth.' Publication is promised early this year.

Lyell, Thomas. *The Ins and Outs of Mesopotamia*. London: Philpot. Now in press. The author is a former member of the Bagdad Civil Administration.

Popham, Arthur. *Etching, Aquatint, and Mezzotint*. (Universal Art Series.) London: Chapman and Hall. For early publication. The author is in the Print Room of the British Museum.

West, Sir Algernon. *The MS. of Political England: A Chronicle of the Nineteenth Century*. London: Fisher Unwin, 1923. Mrs. Asquith is responsible for the writing of this history, which deals in particular with the period from 1782 to 1880. Sir Algernon had been visiting Sir Charles and Lady Tennant, and in a conversation on history, someone expressed the opinion that people knew more about remote events than about those within or just prior to their times. Mrs. Asquith, who was then Miss Tennant, suggested that Sir Algernon ought to write a book dealing with his own period. The manuscript was found among the historian's papers after his death.

BOOKS MENTIONED

Goethe. *Briefe an E. T. Langer*. Herausgegeben von Paul Zimmerman. Wolfenbüttel: Julius Zwisslers Verlag, 1922.

Hobson, J. A. *The Economics of Unemployment*. London: 1922. George Allen & Unwin. 4*s*. 6*d*.

Shelley, Mary. *Proserpine and Midas*. Edited with an Introduction by A. Koszul. London and New York: Oxford University Press.

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